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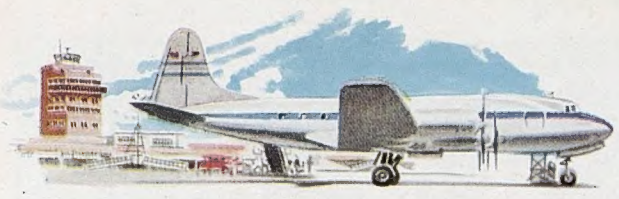

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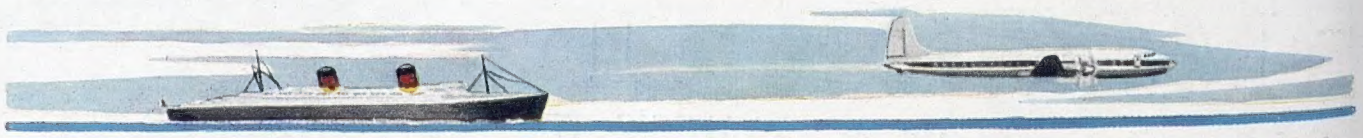

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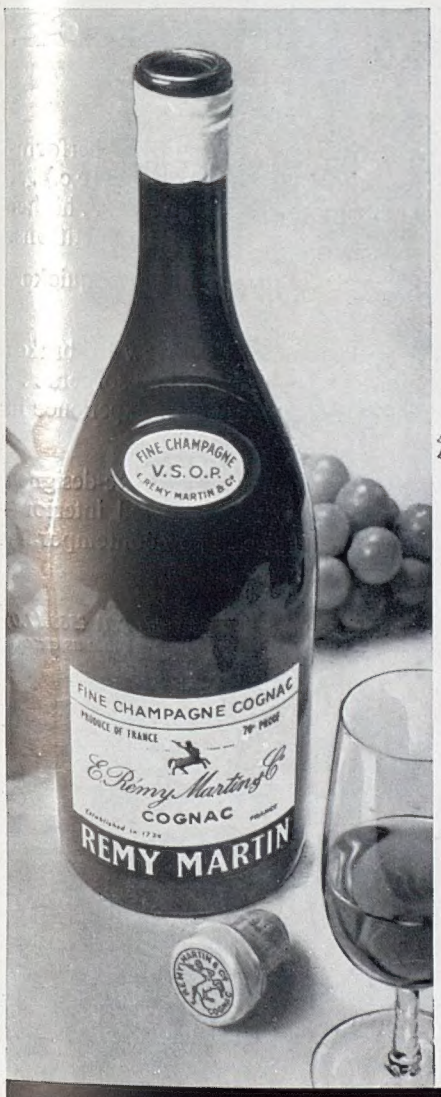

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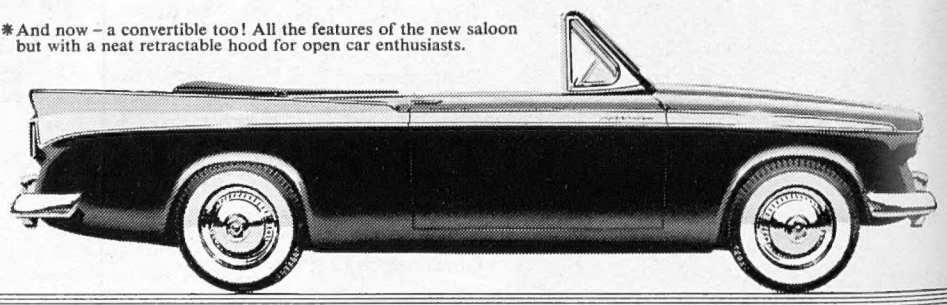

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Volume CCXXXII No. 3022

The SPHERE, London, March 1, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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MR. BUTLER PELTED BY STUDENTS—UPROAR AND ROWDYISM AT HIS INSTALLATION AS RECTOR OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY : The Home Secretary is covered with flour from a bag which had just hit him. Other missiles fly through the air. On Mr. Butler's left on the platform is Lord Boyd-Orr, the Chancellor of the University. The fusillade increased in intensity throughout the Rector's inaugural speech. Later the President of the Students' Council stated an apology would be made to him.

A leading Scottish newspaper described the scenes in St. Andrew's Hall on Friday of last week as "the most riotous, discreditable installation ever held by Glasgow University." Before the senior members of the university and their guests took their seats on the platform, there were many indications of the rowdyism to come from a section of the assembled students. Horns and rattles were being sounded, fireworks let off and barrages of missiles shot about the hall. When the platform party entered, the uproar increased and Mr. Butler rose to speak against a mounting fusillade of flourbags, fruit and foam from fire extinguishers. Even when four of those on the platform walked off, he continued his speech. Afterwards many severe strictures were passed on the students, Lord Boyd-Orr dubbing them "morons, with neither wit nor humour." The President of the Glasgow University Students' Representative Council stated that apologies would be sent to all concerned. Mr. Butler himself seemed the most unconcerned, mildly remarking that he was "used to trouble in the House of Commons." (Rectorial Installation at Edinburgh University see page 340).

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EXTENSIVE RESTORATION WORK AT CHELTENHAM: *Left*—**A general view of the Pittville Pump Room, in Pittville Park, Cheltenham, which is being restored. On ri work installing new heating apparatus behind the pump, where the Spa water is still drawn to-day. It is hoped to move the pump tabernacle and incorporat Cotswolds, Cheltenham owes its fame as an inland health resort to the accidental discovery of mineral springs in 1716. Three saline Spas, including Pittville, are consid**

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Sacrosanct or Not?—The Cabinet has certainly done something to assure the nation that Mr. Thorneycroft's gesture was premature and that it "meant business" then and still does. The cuts in defence expenditure, if partly the result of changes in military technique, have all the appearance of an almost reckless axing of old establishments. And the Foreign, Home and Colonial Offices have squeezed their oranges till the pips squeak, despite many previous assurances that further cuts were impossible. These cuts, sound or reckless, go some way, but not very far, to cancel out the big increases on education, agriculture, roads and pensions. But the Welfare State Health Services are still surely sacrosanct as regards the free benefits offered. What was given, recklessly then, and still, in our precarious state of economy, recklessly continued, no Government dares to withdraw in any particular. It is not a question of whether this benefit was ever justified for this or that class of persons, but how it is to be paid for as a national service. It is never to be considered that there are benefits which people of higher income groups could well find direct from their own resources and not by contributions to a State insurance scheme. However crippling grow the contributions from employer and employed, we know that the Service can never pay its way and that nothing can be done beyond chipping edges off the enormous and permanent load on the taxpayer, and each chip is a bitter grievance against the Government which makes it. In short, we decreed a stately pleasure dome on tick at a time when the most we could afford was the working model of a cottage hospital for testing purposes. But once democracy is given an ell, it is not prepared to yield an inch.

A Kind Word for the Liberals.—No doubt the voting at by-elections is not so seriously weighed as at General Elections, especially when the Government in power still possesses an adequate majority. Votes are cast on the personality of the candidates, on parish pump considerations, and, above all, to register disappointment with the Government's record and progress, as a warning. When the chosen candidate may become the voter's old-man-of-the-sea for five years, the choice is more carefully weighed. Every constituency, then, is similarly engaged, every mickle makes the muckle, and the voter more anxiously weighs the announced policies of the parties which he may place in power. If he plump for Labour, does he really want a long unscrambling and re-nationalisation, the return of rationing, a huge increase in Welfare State costs, no alleviation of taxation and Mr. So-and-so as Premier or Foreign Secretary? If he plump for the Tories, can he endure the probability of five more years of *status quo* at home and abroad and a marked reluctance to remove any of the old museum-pieces of the Age of Privilege? That is where a word may be said for the Liberals. The other parties are vulnerable because they have either announced or are practising "policies" of sorts which can be shot at. The Liberals can be perfectly vague because for years they have had no chance to *practise* nor can hope to practise for years to come. But it is fairly open to them to question whether the policies of the major parties are any less "vague" than theirs.

A Great Past.—Liberalism was not so long ago a great political force, and I suppose no political party ever received so much adulation, both for itself and for its great leaders, in all our political history (for instance, consider the G.O.M.). True enough, not many of us have found political hero-worship comes easy of late years. In fact, with one bright exception, such hero-worship has fallen into almost total decline since 1918, partly because the world's muddle has remained a muddle worse confounded, partly perhaps because our political cartoonists are so devilish clever and cruel. True, too, it would be difficult even for an ardent Liberal to find at the moment and enshrine a hero among the present Liberal leaders. As a *bunch*, they seem rather to resemble the cranks who spout at an anti-blood-sport meeting or a Sunday Observance or even a nudist demonstration. But let us be fair. After the cartoonists have done th worst and after the "records" of recent Governm have been carefully gone over, could you choose your h to worship from any of the leaders of the major par in recent years (with one exception)?

Can You Blame Them?—So when Tories or the Socialists gird at the Liberals for treach or deride the vagueness of their policies, or laugh th out of court as beaters of a dead donkey, can you bla the Liberals if they remember their former *récla* smartly riposte on the haziness of Tory and Lab policies, point out that the world muddle is no tidier th it was in 1945 (in fact, less tidy) for all their policies practices; and at least make a serious bid to persu the electorate, which has little faith left in the virtues Governments of any colour, to help revive the fortu of the one party not recently tarred and debunked, party with the most admired (if now obscured) histori record in our political history? I don't see how you c Even a worm turns when it is stamped on, and this wo was once (and not so long ago) a rattlesnake. Libe hopes may be long-term, but to plan ahead is the ide if not the practice, of the other parties also.

That Lords Reform!—It became cle enough in the late Commons debate on this hoary questi and on the tinkering Bill now passed into Law, that ma Conservatives greatly disliked it; and the voting proved Mr. Benn talked good sense, as did Mr. Powell. O point made by Mr. Butler seemed to me to play into t hands of critics of the Bill. He pointed out that no lim was placed on the number of life-peerage creations. present circumstances, he said, the periodic recruitme of the House by hereditary peerages could no longer ke the House up to the strength needed for its heavy respons bilities. Be that as it may (and the hereditary hard-co should suffice for two generations at least), one of th prime objects of reform was to reduce the House to workable potential. As the Act is drafted, there nothing to prevent a Premier, if he desire to pass measure into Law without the delay of a few mont from recommending the creation as life peers of block of 500 supporters, thus swelling the potent of the Upper House to about 1,300! The Act, in m opinion, is no "breach in the hereditary system." The is no guarantee that hereditary creations will be reduce and no inherent probability that the prestige and digni and authority of the House will be increased. In shor the compromise marks a last chance missed, and perhap makes more certain a drastic measure of reform wh Labour next comes to power and can find the time Mr. Bevan's final fireworks in the debate, though goo humouredly set off, made this probability rather mo clear. For it is remarkable how the glaring anachronis of an hereditary system in Parliament is at last g increasingly being impressed on men and women of shades of political opinion. The case of the unrepr sentative Scottish peers, as voiced by Lord Belhaven, p the fool's cap on the anachronism. He may not spe in either House. He may not vote in an election. B he *is* suffered to be taxed out of existence.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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picture taken inside the Pump Room showing men at
the new entrance foyer. Situated in the heart of the
be beneficial in the treatment of numerous illnesses.

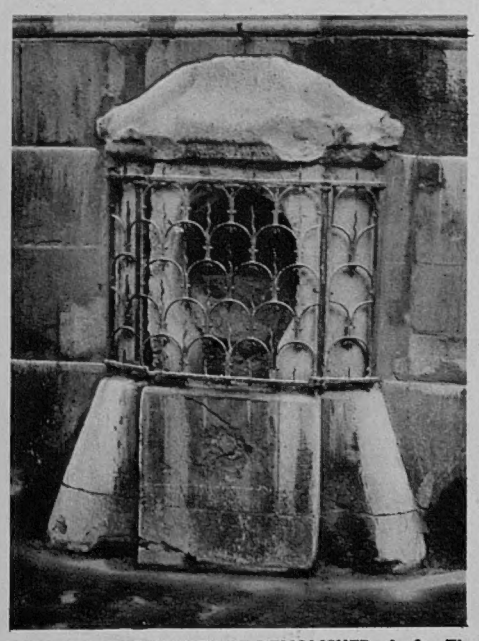
A ROYAL VISIT TO THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY: The Queen watches Mr. R. Hagger, a braille plate-maker, at work during her visit to the society's headquarters, Bible House, in Queen Victoria Street, E.C. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, was presented with the Gospel of St. John in the Indian Mohawk tongue of Canada.

Debate on Intrusion.—Members of all parties in the Commons showed a determination to debate, if they could, the whole subject of Press intrusion which recently has had a "preview" in the columns of *The Times*. This is a good instance of how at long last public opinion is heard and sometimes leads to reforms. If the public growls long enough, the caretakers in the House rub their eyes and take notice, grasp a torch and examine the premises. It's a slow process, this representation of the people in Parliament. In this instance, the arguments are not, of course, all on one side. The "intrusions" on grief in the case of the murdered Dutch girl admit of no counter-arguments. The Munich business clearly was open to a defence in part. The critics of the "sensational" Press are too sweeping in general condemnation of proprietors, editors and reporters. They disregard the truth that the public has the Press it deserves and *wants*. The public (like Gaul) is divided into parts, and by far the larger part demands a sensation, grim for choice, every day, thoroughly enjoys personal publicity, is ready to talk to anybody about its own private affairs, and is delighted to have its "picture in the papers." *Their* Press calls itself the servant of its public. A much smaller section of the public has a Victorian idea of publicity and *its* Press not only regards itself as a servant but as a trustee of Victorian restraint. In Parliament reforms come about on a majority vote, and in the case of Press sensationalism and intrusion, it is very hard to discover a *means* of reform. We may perhaps hope that in the House itself enough votes might be cast to register at least a censure.

Hyde Park Corner's New Look.—It is unlikely that I shall see the completed new look of Hyde Park Corner, or tunnel my way at 30 m.p.h. from Knightsbridge to Piccadilly. If it be so, I regret it, for I should like to walk the velvet lawns and enjoy the pools and fountains, shrubs and flowers, which will surround the removed memorials and place the Quadriga in the centre of a green belt or lozenge. But, it seems, Apsley House is to become an island site, since a new road from the Park will eliminate its neighbour and run between No. 1, London and No. 144, Piccadilly. To make these houses more worthy of their setting their new road-facing flanks will be faced with Bath stone by a still grateful country. But Apsley House will become noisier still and still less private by the change. I hope some money may be left to do something to make St. George's Hospital not less worthy of its setting. The patients at least will have a more rural and not more noisy outlook eastwards. And, after all, it 's not going to "cost three crowns" to filch a bit from Hyde Park and the Green Park to make a real haven of rest at this busy junction. Marble Arch, too, is to have a new look. An ornamental pool, 135 by 50 ft. in extent, will be the centre of attraction of its gardens and lawns, and I hope that the urchins will be allowed its freedom during August heatwaves.

Gamblers All.—The Churches' Council on gambling issues a review every year of money spent on various outside chances of a handsome profit. No doubt, the figures are rather elastic one way or other; "fun fair" gambling, for example. The statistics show that the nation spent in 1957 £555,000,000 on gambling, an increase of £7,000,000 over 1956 : On horse-racing, £350,000,000; on greyhounds, £122,000,000; on football pools, £73,000,000; on Premium Bonds, £4,000,000; on fun fairs, etc., £6,000,000. The report deduces from this that one of the arguments for Premium Bonds has proved a fallacy. It was intended to syphon off for national savings some of the millions thrown away on pools. It had no such effect. On the contrary, the report suggests that Premium Bonds have "sanctioned" gambling as a method of "investment." That seems to me an unfair charge against the Government. Gambling has been in our blood for decades, and the more men have to spend above the absolute needs of decent living, the more they can devote to their favourite recreation. So much has this enchanting possibility of getting a fortune from a sixpence become a necessity of life that I feel sure it often figures in the family budget, with TV, a car and electrical household gadgets, as a justification for claims for pay increases. "*Mais, Monsieur, il faut vivre*," and there is no Talleyrand (naturally, nowadays) to reply: "*Je ne vois pas la nécessité.*" All the Government can do is to try to divert this accepted impulse or "human need" into "socially more useful channels." It has tried—and failed. For my part, the news that one darling of the gods had netted £200,000 from risking 2d. would not encourage me to try for the same prize. I should be too conscious of the odds against me. But I have no doubt I should gamble if it were not for the tiresome clerical work involved.

Fencing The Downs.—For the past thirty years I have looked out over the South Downs, whose changing face is always a delight, whether dimpled by the setting sun or flushed by dawn, or dazzling white under snow or gloriously green on an April day. If its turf is not what once it was when sheep cropped it, it is still delightfully springy and the very place for a ramble; and for that purpose I have been accustomed to use it. Now I learn that I have been trespassing all these years. The public have no right to wander at will over these downs. If they stray from the "footpaths," they are liable to prosecution as trespassers. The Clerk to a rural council says so. The West Sussex C.C. solicitor confirms it; so does the R.D.C. Association. The Downs must be fenced to keep the public off the unbeaten track. But where are these "footpaths"? Who made the rights of way? Our primitive ancestors made them in the days when the Forest of Anderida densely covered the weald and made the Downs the only free way. And who established the rights of way? A hundred generations of walkers who rambled not in a straight line but wherever the configuration of the ground or the attractions of the scenery led their steps. But now the subtopian bureaucracy is alive to the dangers of jay-walking. An authorised route must be fenced (but not, I hope, stone-verged in conformity with council house approaches practice) and furnished with appropriate warning notices. No doubt, the new restrictions are first to be imposed for the protection of agriculture, and no doubt there is in law no *us spatiandi* or right to wander at will in the public use of commons. We may only go from point to point. Yes, but what points? If we stand on our rights to use the rights of way of our ancestors, it will take a hell of a lot of fencing and stone coping and warning notices to keep us in the narrow path of virtue, and I fancy the fencing will be expensive to keep in repair. THE OLD STAGER



CITY CHURCH RUINS TO BE DEMOLISHED: *Left*—The London Stone, incorporated in the south wall of the ruins of the Wren church of St. Swithun, in Cannon Street, E.C., is to be removed and preserved for re-erection after the ruins have been demolished. *Right*—A view of the shell of St. Swithun's, showing the London Stone behind its protective ironwork.

AUSTRALIA'S ROYAL VISITOR

A Great Welcome for the Queen Mother During Her Tour

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is paying her second visit to Australia, the last occasion being in 1927 when, as Duchess of York, she accompanied her husband for the opening of the first Federal Parliament. On the present visit Her Majesty arrived by air at Canberra after flying from New Zealand. She was welcomed by the Governor-General and the Prime Minister and then, after other ceremonies, drove to the Civic Centre for another reception. For the rest of the week-end the Queen Mother had no official engagements except to attend Divine Service on the Sunday morning. In the evening she attended a dinner given by the High Commissioners in Australia of British Commonwealth countries. One of her first official acts in the capital included the opening of the fourteenth biennial conference of the British Empire Service League, at which Her Majesty met ex-servicemen from all parts of the Commonwealth. From Canberra the Queen Mother flew north to Queensland, where thousands of people waited for several hours to cheer their Royal visitor. Her Majesty toured the City of Brisbane as well as visiting other parts of the State before flying south to New South Wales.

A GREAT RECEPTION FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER IN AUSTRALIA: The camera looks down on the Citizens' Reception at the Civic Centre in the Federal capital of Canberra shortly after the arrival of the Queen Mother at the start of her three-week tour of the country. Her Majesty had arrived from New Zealand.

MEETING THE CHILDREN IN CANBERRA: Ruth Daylight, an aboriginal girl, curtsies as she shakes hands with the Queen Mother at Government House. The children had travelled from the school hostel of the Australian Inland Mission of the Presbyterian Church, at Hall's Creek, in the Eastern Kimberleys, in Western Australia, which is more than 3,000 miles away.

On left—
NURSING A KOALA BEAR: The animal was nursed by the Queen Mother during the Royal visit to the Queensland University in Brisbane.

A STATE OCCASION IN QUEENSLAND: The Queen Mother meets the guests at the civic reception at Parliament House, in Brisbane. The Queen Mother travelled to Queensland after completing her visit to Canberra. Thousands of people waited in Brisbane to welcome Her Majesty.

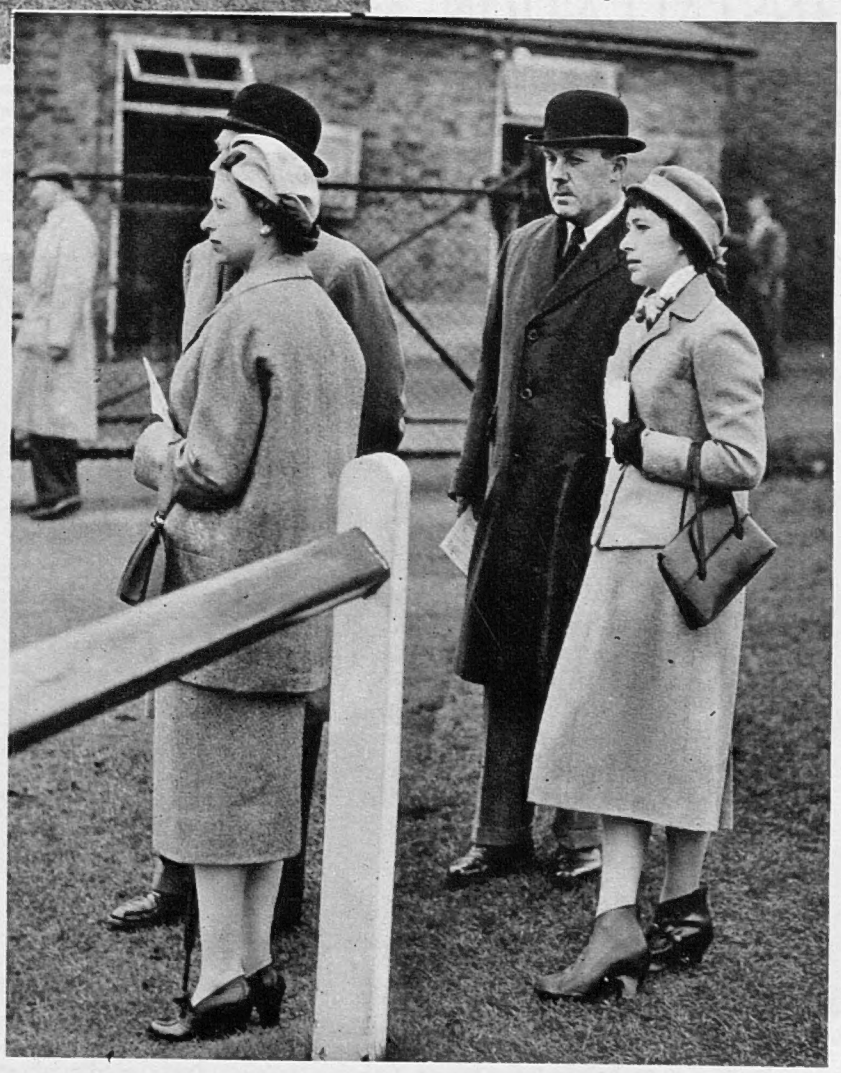
THE QUEEN MOTHER MEETS THE PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA: Her Majesty is standing with Mr. R. G. Menzies at the airport at Canberra. The first person to welcome the Royal visitor was the Governor-General, Sir William Slim.

ROYAL RACEGOERS

The Queen and Princess Margaret Visit Sandown Park to See the Queen Mother's Horse Double Star

A ROYAL VISIT TO SANDOWN PARK: The Queen, accompanied by Major-General Sir Randle Feilden, a Sandown Park steward, is seen walking from the paddock during her visit to the racecourse last week. She is followed by Princess Margaret and Mr. Peter Cazalet, the trainer of the Queen Mother's horse Double Star, which ran in the second race, the Park Handicap Steeplechase. Double Star was unplaced, the race being won by Kind Answer. Both the Queen and the Princess carried umbrellas during their visit.

THE PRINCESS AT SANDOWN PARK: Her Royal Highness is equipped with umbrella and overshoes during her visit to the course.



ROYAL INTEREST IN NO. 4: *Above*, and *on right*—The Queen and Princess Margaret watch as the Queen Mother's horse, Double Star, is taken into the paddock at Sandown Park. The Royal racegoers remained at the course until after the last race of the day.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY'S NEW RECTOR: Dr. James Robertson Justice, the actor, is chaired by students from the McEwan Hall to the University Union after being installed as Rector of Edinburgh University. *On right*—Television cameras, in the left background, record the triumphal procession, led by two pipers. Prince Philip, Chancellor of the University since 1952, attended for the first time the installation of a rector. The Chancellor and Rector entered McEwan hall to a tumultuous reception. On taking their places on the platform, a combination of paper darts, paper rolls, tomatoes and bags containing flour was unleashed from the gallery. After his investiture by the Chancellor, Dr. Robertson Justice embarked on the hazard of delivering his rectorial address. Although often forced to pause in the course of it, he usually had the last word with a piece of caustic repartee for those who interrupted him. During his speech, he said the status of a teacher was the most important factor affecting British education to-day. The legislators had done little to give the teacher parity with other professions although he was the foundation on which the nation's health, prosperity and well-being were built.

A HECTIC RECTORIAL INSTALLATION

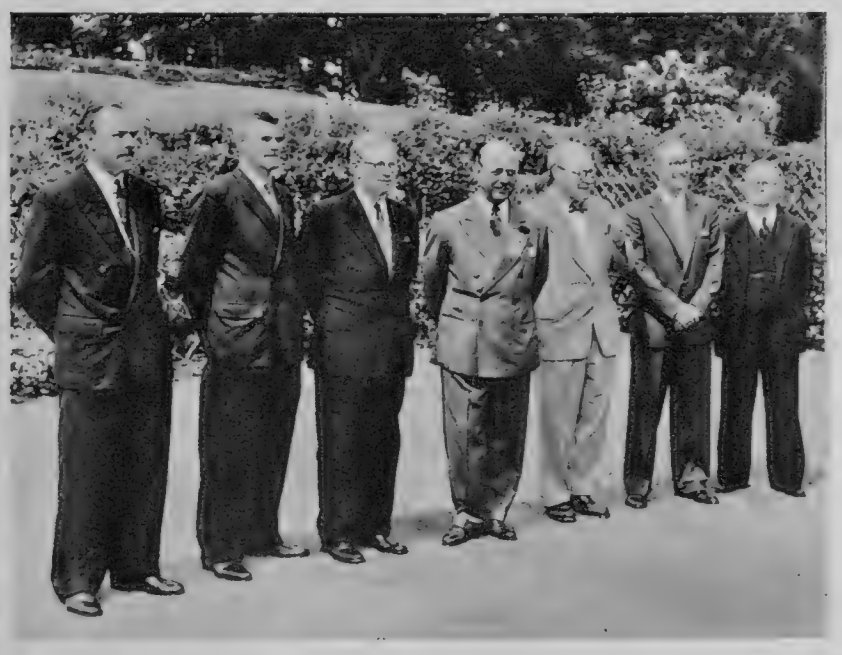
Amid Uproarious Scenes The Duke of Edinburgh Installs an Actor as Rector of Edinburgh University

GUIDED MISSILES AIMED AT THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH : *Left*—He is seen, robed in gold and black, listening to an aside from Mr. Patrick Hamilton, President of the Students' Representative Council, as the new Rector, Dr. James Robertson Justice, makes his address. *Right*—The Duke smiles as he kicks aside a bag containing flour which landed at his feet after being thrown from the gallery. Other missiles aimed at the Duke and members of the platform party included tomatoes and paper rolls.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ANXIOUS DAYS AT THE VILLA LA PAUSA: *Left*—Lady Churchill and Lord Moran walk in the grounds of the house at Roquebrune, near Monte Carlo, where Sir Winston Churchill was taken ill last week. *Right*—Press correspondents gather at the gates in the hope of obtaining news. Lord Moran, who had flown from London to the Riviera, and Dr. Roberts, of Monte Carlo, diagnosed their patient as suffering from "pneumonia at the base of the lung and pleurisy." To the great relief of the world, the subsequent bulletins spoke of Sir Winston recovering and maintaining progress. By last Sunday his temperature was stated to be normal, although it was understood the pleurisy still had a hold.

NEGOTIATIONS OVER THE SUEZ CANAL: At the headquarters building of the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations in Rome are, from left: El Emary, Governor of the Egyptian National Bank; Mr. William Iliff, representing the International Bank, and Mr. C. H. Spofford, representing the Suez Canal Company. They were meeting to discuss the possible compensation of the Company's shareholders by Egypt at the first meeting between the two sides since the Suez intervention. The International Bank had offered to act as mediator. The discussions were held in private. It was understood that the first sessions were largely confined to statements of points of view from both parties. The main task of the mediator appeared to be to find some compromise between the Egyptian offer of compensation for shares at their price before the Canal's nationalisation and the Company's claim for compensation for loss of revenue and assets nationalised in Egypt.



***On left*—**

THE NEW SOUTHERN RHODESIAN CABINET SWORN-IN: After the ceremony at the Governor's residence in Salisbury are, from the left: Mr. G. Ellman-Brown, Minister of Roads, Local Government and Housing; Mr. R. S. Garfield Todd, Minister of Labour and Social Welfare and former Premier; Sir Edgar Whitehead, Prime Minister and Minister of Native Affairs; Sir Peveril William-Powlett, Governor of Southern Rhodesia; Sir George Davenport, Minister of Mines; Mr. C. J. Hatty, Minister of the Treasury; and Mr. R. Knight, Justice and Internal Affairs.

DEMONSTRATION BY TURKISH CYPRIOTS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: Members of the Turkish community in London crowd round the base of Nelson's Column to listen to speeches at the climax of a mass parade through Central London. The purpose of the demonstration is made plain by the slogans on their banners—protest against the Greek Cypriot policy of Union with Greece and a demand for the partition of Cyprus. *On left*—Six-year-old Hetice Ali, who marched at the head of the procession, stands on a plinth in Trafalgar Square. Both the march and the mass meeting passed off without incident. In the parade up Whitehall a delegation of demonstrators handed in a petition at No. 10, Downing Street. Most of the speeches in Trafalgar Square were bellicose in tone, proclaiming "death or partition," and indicated that Taksim (Partition) should now be taken as seriously as the Greek Enosis (Union). During the meeting the Chairman of the Cyprus-is-Turkish Association called for a minute's silence in memory of the Turks killed in recent Cyprus riots.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A SNO-CAT COMES TO GRIEF IN ANTARCTICA: Members of Dr. Fuchs's Trans-Antarctic party prepare to dig-out a Sno-cat from a crevasse into which it had fallen while ploughing its way through snow and ice on the last stage of the expedition's 2,100-mile journey across the continent. The Sno-cat is one of four tracked vehicles being used by members of the Trans-Antarctic Expedition and the crevasse into which it had fallen is one of an arduous line which had to be negotiated shortly after leaving Depôt 700 for Scott Base, in McMurdo Sound. Last Sunday Dr. Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary, who had flown from Scott Base to join the leader of the British section of the expedition, arrived at Plateau Depôt, which was only 280 miles from their journey's end. In fine weather, they had made a dash of 80 miles from their last camp in only three days. After resting at Plateau Depôt for vehicle maintenance, the party set out again.

UNITED STATES MEDIATOR IN LONDON: Mr. Robert Murphy (on left), the United States Deputy Under-Secretary of State, walks with Mr. W. Barbour, after his arrival at London Airport for a week-end of meetings in the first stage of his "good offices" mission prior to the Paris talks on Tunisia's dispute with France. At No. 10, Downing Street, Mr. Murphy reported to the Prime Minister about the separate approaches he had made earlier in the day to Mr. Taieb Salem, the Tunisian Ambassador in London, and M. Chauvel, the French Ambassador. While in London he had several talks with Mr. Beeley, Foreign Office Under-Secretary responsible for Middle Eastern affairs, who is Britain's representative in the Anglo-American "good office" talks.

FIRE DESTROYS BLACKPOOL PIER PAVILION: Twisted iron girders and blackened debris are the sole remains after fire had swept the pavilion situated half-way along the South Pier at Blackpool. The pier company have made a preliminary estimate of about £100,000 damage.

FIRE SWEEPS A CAR WORKS: Firemen direct their hoses on the smouldering remains of the collapsed works of A.C. Cars Ltd., at High Street, Thames Ditton, in Surrey, after fire swept through the works following two loud explosions. As soon as the alarm was raised, many villagers helped to push the £3,000 hand-built models to safety. Most of the new cars ready for distribution were saved, including a shipment of export models for the United States.

MISSILE BASES UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN BRITAIN: Men are at work on the construction of a cable duct tunnel in reinforced concrete at Priory Lancey as part of the Spadeadam rocket testing site in Cumberland. *On left*— A view of the foundations for a test rig. For the past fourteen months about 800 men have been engaged in preparing Britain's first launching site for large rockets up to the size of inter-continental ballistic missiles. The British and American Governments have now reached agreement on the terms by which bases for American missiles will be established in Britain. It is expected that four bases will be established.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AN EMISSARY FROM THE REBELS OF INDONESIA: Colonel Ventje Sumual (second from foreground and smoking through a holder) listens to questions being put to him at a Press Conference at Manila, in the Philippines. It was reported that he had gone to the Philippines to explain the attitude of the Indonesian rebels. Colonel Sumual led a bloodless revolt in the North Celebes last year against President Sukarno's inauguration of a "guided" democracy in Indonesia. The far more widespread rebellion, under Lieut.-Colonel Hussein, which began last month in Sumatra, the North Celebes and other Indonesian islands, is further evidence of the Indonesian Army's antagonism to Dr. Sukarno's policies. Last week there were hopes that an arrangement might be reached, at least temporarily, between the Government and rebels.

A SPEECH BY THE INDONESIAN CHIEF OF STAFF: Major-General Nasution addresses a meeting in Jakarta. Besides continuing his duties as C.O.S., General Nasution was appointed by President Sukarno to command the troops formerly under Lieut.-Colonel Hussein, the leader of the anti-Sukarno rebels.

A POLITICAL STORM IN NAPLES: Signor Nicola Sansanelli was suspended by the Italian Government from his post as Mayor of Naples on February 14. *On left*— **Police start to disperse a Royalist demonstration. Many of the banners being carried show portraits of Achille Lauro. He is a prominent Royalist who was Mayor of Naples until last autumn. He is now challenging the Central Government's dissolution of the Naples Municipal Government, which had alleged that Lauro "squandered" public money and encouraged a "paternalistic" authority.**

MR. STASSEN RETURNS TO ACTIVE POLITICS: He speaks to a Press Conference in Philadelphia, in the course of which he announced his resignation from his post as President Eisenhower's Special Adviser on Disarmament. He stated he would re-enter active politics and stand for the Governorship of Pennsylvania. However, it was widely believed that there had been considerable disagreement between Mr. Stassen and Mr. Dulles.

AN UNUSUAL CONTROVERSY IN WASHINGTON: Dr. Bernard Schwartz studies a batch of papers as he sits in the witness chair before the Federal Communications Commission. He had been counsel to this Congress committee and had been discharged by the members from his post—a most unusual step. He said that he had been dismissed for pushing his investigations too closely and gave evidence before the Commission on this allegation.

THE END OF A SEVEN-DAY "FLIGHT TO THE MOON": Airman Donald G. Farrell (right), of the United States Air Force, is congratulated by Captain Julian Ward, flight surgeon at Randolph Air Force Base in Texas. The airman had just finished spending seven days in an experimental "space cabin" in which, as far as possible, the conditions of a flight to the moon were simulated. He said that he realised all the time that he was on the ground but, apart from that, it was a true space flight. Throughout the week he breathed re-purified air and saw and heard nothing which happened outside his cabin, 3 ft. by 5 ft. in dimension. He could not tell day from night without the help of a calendar and his wrist-watch. The only apparent effect of his experience was that Airman Farrell lost 4 lb. in weight. His view, expressed to those gathered to welcome his "return," was that manned space flight should be possible.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT A CONFERENCE TO CONSIDER THE PROBLEMS OF EUROPEAN TRADE: He is seen at Church House, Westminster, listening to the opening speech of a three-day conference convened to discuss detailed problems of the proposed European Free Trade Area and attended by political, industrial and Trade Union leaders from Britain and fourteen Continental countries. Seated on the Duke's left is Mr. Tage Erlander, the Swedish Prime Minister, who was on a private visit to London. Mr. Heathcoat Amory, who opened the Conference, said that both Europe and the British Commonwealth would gain by Britain's participation in the European Common Market and the Free Trade Area. It had been said that the new arrangements would be particularly favourable to Britain, because with the existing access to Commonwealth trade, Britain would be getting the best of both worlds. The truth was that both worlds would be the gainers from Britain's situation. Fundamental criticism of the concept was expressed by M. Robert Schuman, speaking not as a member of the French delegation, but as International President of the European Movement. His main point was that the six countries in the Common Market were now wondering whether they would really be able to belong both to the Common Market and to the Free Trade Area.

M. ROBERT SCHUMAN, FORMER FRENCH PREMIER, AT THE CONFERENCE: He is seen, on the left, talking with Sir Edward Beddington-Behrens, who is sharing the duties of chairmanship of the conference with Mr. Alfred Robens.

On right—

AFRICAN EXPLORER'S BIRTH REMEMBERED: Joan Waugh, a pupil of Penpont School, Dumfriesshire, replies to an address by Sir Arthur Kirby, second from left, Commissioner for East Africa. Sir Arthur had visited the school and Penpont cottage for centenary celebrations commemorating the birth of Joseph Thomson, the Scottish explorer, who had made expeditions in Africa. The explorer was born at Penpont cottage.

GERMAN SCIENTISTS FROM RUSSIA: Dr. Wilhelm Fischer, on right, an expert in the electronic field and the winner of the Stalin Prize in 1953, is seated at a table after being greeted by his wife at a reception camp at Friedland, near Göttingen, in Germany. Second from the left is Dr. Hans Hailbronn, who was met by his brother. The two doctors were among the last batch of German scientists returned to Germany after being taken to Russia after the war. Like colleagues who had arrived before them, the men would not talk about their work, but said they had not worked on the Soviet sputnik.

EGYPTIAN REFUGEES IN ENGLAND: Two Egyptian refugees are fitted up with clothing at Summerfield Hostel, Kidderminster, in Worcestershire. A hunger strike of 400 Anglo-Egyptian refugees was called at the hostel recently to protest against so-called discrimination in the selection of emigrants to Australia, and also against having to contribute towards their maintenance. It was called off after one day. At a meeting with representatives of the refugees, Mr. S. J. Dibble, of the Anglo-Egyptian Resettlement Board, said he would consider suggestions made.

A NEW SOURCE OF OIL FROM THE COMMONWEALTH: A road has been cut through the Nigerian bush to the oilfield at Oloibiri, near the mouth of the River Niger. Oloibiri is one of the three oil-bearing regions in Nigeria which are being developed by the Shell-BP Company. In the middle of last month the first cargo of crude oil to be exported from Nigeria was loaded at Port Harcourt. For twenty-one years Shell-BP has been carrying out an intensive search for oil in Nigeria.

First Oil from Nigeria

Shipment of the First Crude Oil to Europe is a Further Stage in the Development of Nigeria as a Possible Oil Production Centre

SOMEWHERE on the high seas among the ships with course set for the English Channel should be the Shell tanker *Hemifusus*. In her hold is a cargo of crude oil which, though it looks very much like any other oil of its kind, is oil with a difference. It is the first oil ever to be exported from Nigeria. The cargo was ceremonially loaded at Port Harcourt on February 17, the Federal Prime Minister of Nigeria, Mr. A. T. Balewa, opening a valve to send in the first consignment.

The voyage of the *Hemifusus* is a most important chapter in the long story of the search for oil in Nigeria. But it is far too early to speak of the West African Colony as one of the oil-producing countries of the world. Nigeria may be on the threshold of joining them, but experts on the spot stress that the stage reached to date in the exploration for oil is no more than the start of a normal test-production phase in the development of a potential field. There is, as yet, no proof that a commercial field exists. Probably it will take two or three years before it can be definitely known whether Nigeria is to take her place beside Canada, Trinidad, Borneo and the other oil-producers of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Nevertheless, the search for oil in Nigeria at the point it has reached to-day is a remarkable story of endeavour against great natural difficulties, of interminable humdrum and wearying routine in swamps and bush, of heavy exertions frequently producing no result at all, and of the exercise of the patience of Job. Endurance and frustration are the daily lot of the oil prospector. Any idea that oil can be found and exploited quickly and cheaply is dispelled by the simple facts that the cargo of the *Hemifusus* represents twenty-one years of the toughest labour and the outlay of about £27,000,000. It was in February 1937 that a small party of geologists pitched their first camp deep in the Nigerian bush. They belonged to the company known then as Shell-D'Arcy, which is now the Shell-BP Petroleum Development Company of Nigeria. These geologists moved all over Nigeria, from Lagos in the west to Yola in the east, and from Calabar in the south to Sokoto in the north. As a result of their reconnaissance, the Company decided to confine itself mainly to the southern sedimentary area—in the Eastern and Western Regions. Gravity surveys were made between 1938 and 1941. Then the war inevitably interrupted operations, which were resumed in 1946.

One of the most important essentials was an accurate map of the Niger River Delta. The survey was made from the air and it took five years—1948 to 1953—because of climatic conditions. The mappers were frequently hampered by low clouds in the wet season and by dust haze on the ground in the dry. Their only consolation was that it would have taken a lifetime to have covered the same area on foot.

Meanwhile, drilling had begun. The first deep-test well was "spudded in" in 1951 at Ihuo, ten miles from Owerri, seventy miles north of Port Harcourt and the present technical and administrative headquarters of the prospectors. At a depth of over 11,000 ft. the drilling was abandoned. It was a disappointment but

(*Continued on following pages*)

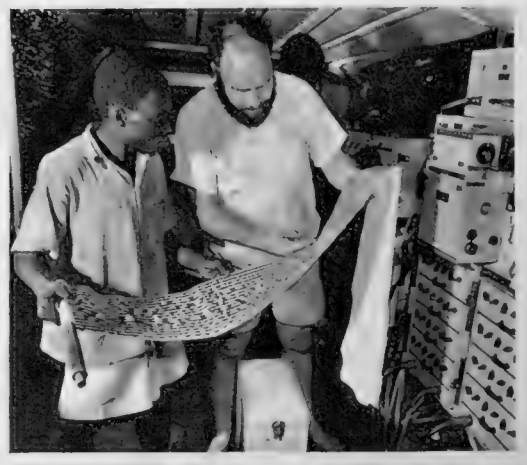
On right—

TAPPING NIGERIA'S OIL SUPPLIES: The picture is of the Soku I well. It may be two or three years before Nigeria's oil potentialities can be properly assessed.

PROSPECTING FOR OIL: Men of the Shell-BP Petroleum Development Company of Nigeria load a charge into a shot hole near Calabar, in the swampy conditions prevailing there.

AN INITIAL STAGE: Mud flies high into the air as a charge is exploded. Records on seismic instruments indic whether there is any likelihood of oil below the ground. If the indications are favourable, many processes have to be followed before possibilities of a well for commercial production can be conside

OVERCOMING NATURAL OBSTACLES: Equipment is carried and hauled through the knee-deep mud to a canoe in a creek near Calabar. In this area prospecting reached the stage of appraisal-drilling, which showed little likelihood of oil in commercial quantities.



On left—

EXAMINING THE POSSIBILITIES: A seismologist and his assist study a seismic record in t instrument launch. The appl tion of artificial earthqu shocks speeds up prospecting this region of mu and swa

FIRST OIL FROM NIGERI

HOMES FOR THE OIL PROSPECTORS: New blocks of flats have been built near Port Harc for members of the Shell-BP staff. The Company pays great attention to welfare to medical services. Recent figures of tropical diseases among the staff are very

(*Continued from previous page*)

part of the expected routine in the tantalising work of oilmen. In the ensuing years the search continued.

To date, nineteen exploration wells have been drilled, each costing anything from £100,000 to £500,000. From these, three oil-bearing regions have been discovered: at Oloibiri, Afam and Soku. The find at the last-named was reported only at the end of last January.

Oloibiri is in the heart of the sprawling mangrove swamps and humid Niger Delta area, which covers 9,000 square miles. As the crow, or its Nigerian equivalent flies, it is forty-five miles due west of Port Harcourt. But the transport of the oil from the well to the port for shipment in the *Hemifusus* took thirty-six hours on a combination of road and river transport. (Helicopters carrying passengers or small items of equipment and stores fly the distance in thirty-five minutes.)

The second field at Afam is to the north of Port Harcourt. From there oil is being pumped through a 6-in. pipeline to Port Harcourt at the rate of about 2,500 barrels a day. From Oloibiri the daily output is considerably less—some 600 barrels. But the projected 10-in. pipeline to Port Harcourt, soon to be completed, will increase the production to 3,500 barrels a day. Thus the two wells, at Oloibiri and at Afam, should be able to give a combined output of 6,000 barrels a day.

The third and most recent promising strike is at Soku, like Oloibiri in the swamps of the Niger Delta. The terrain at Soku is particularly difficult and immense quantities of sand had to be carried in to build up an artificial island for the first well. The most econom drilling of further wells is under study and it is anticip that it will be many months before appraisal-drilling being undertaken at Oloibiri and Afam, can be starte

Before looking to the future, it is well worth w glancing at the present staff of Shell-BP engaged upon enterprise. Among the people employed are over 3 Nigerians and several hundred expatriates of a doze more nations. Great attention is paid to their welf At Owerri, the technical and administrative headquar a township has been built which not only prov amenities for those living in it but also keeps in to with the parties in the bush. Contact is maintained radio. Every month the Materials Dept. in Owerr importing an increasing quantity of goods for the be of the staff, in addition to very considerable local purch

READY FOR PRODUCTION: The derrick, offices and water transport unloading point form No. 2 location at Oloibiri, the first oilfield in Nigeria established by Shell-BP. A 65-mile 10-in. pipeline from Oloibiri to Port Harcourt costing £1,000,000 is nearly completed.

COMMUNICATIONS BY AIR: A helicopter lands at the drilling site, some seventy miles to the north of Owerri, one of the main oil prospecting bases. The use of aircraft means that contact can be kept without difficulty with the outlying prospecting stations.

OPENING UP THE COUNTRY: A Bailey Bridge is under construction to carry a road to one of the drilling sites. Work such as this is essential and adds to the high cost of the search for oil. Current overall expenditure is estimated at £1,000,000 a month.

The latest import figure is £50,000 a month, and this is expected to have risen in the next statistics.

Medical care is essential in the tropics—it is not so long ago that Nigeria was associated in many people's minds with Sierra Leone, "The White Man's Grave." The medical unit at Owerri, having concentrated upon preventive as well as curative medicine, can point to a remarkable record over the past three years: only one case of malaria.

So, to the future. The search for oil will continue in Nigeria with increased intensity. This can be clearly seen from the figures for past and anticipated expenditure. From 1937 to 1957 the bill was some £27,000,000. Of this sum nearly £20,000,000 had been spent since 1953, that is four years at a rate of £5,000,000 a year. For the current year estimated expenditure is at £1,000,000 a month. In other words, 1958 should see an expenditure of more than double on any previous year.

By the end of 1958 there should be at least nine drilling "outfits" at work, including two drilling barges towed out from Europe for operations in the swamps. There may also be an increase in the present number of seven seismic prospecting parties. And side by side with the "front line" must be maintained the "lines of communication"—the construction of roads, bridges, airfields, and much else besides.

For all its inspiring effort, the Shell-BP Company sounds a note of caution. Very properly no one can search for oil without adopting a scientific attitude. Perhaps it is permissible for those watching from London the development in Nigeria to indulge in a little interesting speculation. Oil from Nigeria is only half of the story at present being unfolded about the potentialities of oil in the great continental bulge which forms the whole of the West of Africa. The French, too, are seeking, and having some success, in extracting oil from the hitherto arid Sahara.

Let it be supposed that oil is found in Nigeria and in the Sahara and that it can be exploited in unlimited quantities for commercial purposes. Then, surely, it will be African, and not Middle East Arabian oil, which will flow to Western Europe and even America. The political implications of such a switch are gigantic. The Arab countries might lose much of their source of wealth to West Africa. Should such an eventuality come about, it is to be hoped that the rivalries and hatreds which have been roused by the exploration of oil in the Middle East would be avoided in Africa.

THE WATERS OF THE ZAMBEZI FLOOD THE KARIBA GORGE: The picture taken from the air near the site of the hydro-electric power project shows the inundation at the confluence of the Zambezi (twisting up from the background) and the Sanyati River (flowing in from the left). *On right*—The circular coffer-dam is filled with water. Its wall had withstood the swirling flood stream for several days. Then a section of the wall sprung a leak—logs and debris can be seen pouring through it at the right on the far side of the dam. Equipment inside the structure was flooded but the contractors stated that they anticipated that any hold-up on the work should be three months at the most and that the completion date for the main dam should not be affected. Last week-end Kariba faced another crisis. Further floods were expected to strike the gorge. Hydrologists forecasted that they would be heavier than those of last year and possibly the biggest in the history of Rhodesia. The Kariba project has been described as the biggest man-made dam in the world. Its purpose is to create a vast artificial lake which will balance the flow of the Zambezi throughout the seasons and control the direction of water through turbines in two power stations.

CRISIS AT KARIBA

Further Heavy Floods Threaten the Already Damaged Rhodesian Project

THE VARIED SHAPES OF NATIONAL PAVILIONS: Behind the overhead road which runs like a viaduct across the Exhibition grounds in Brussels, the buildings are, from the left: the square Canadian Pavilion; the large rectangular Soviet Pavilion; the circular American Pavilion and the Pavilion of the Holy See, with its tower topped by a cross. In front of the roadway, to the right, building proceeds on the modernist structure of the French Pavilion. In front of it is the Paris Pavilion, with its two white masts. Extreme right is the Moroccan Pavilion, designed by Le Corbusier, and in the centre foreground is the Austrian Pavilion. The Brussels Universal and International Exhibition is due to be opened by King Baudouin of the Belgians on April 17.

NO CAUSE FOR ASTONISHMENT: A vast diesel locomotive is transported through Brussels. Such sights are familiar during preparations for the Exhibition.

THE PATTERN OF THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION

Progress of the Preparations for the World Fair in the Capital of Belgium

THE Brussels Universal and International Exhibition—to give it its full title—which is due to be opened by the King of the Belgians on April 17, derives from a long tradition. The Middle Ages had its trade fairs, which survive in Britain, for instance, in some of the annual wool and cattle markets. Their purpose was to show, within a limited community, the virtue of products of the various individual producers. Coming to more recent times, Napoleon I is credited with having originated the modern trade fair. Under his dictatorship several exhibitions were held in Paris, and medals were awarded as prizes.

It was not until the railway had become established as a rapid and easy means of transport that exhibitions could become truly international. From the middle of the nineteenth century, international, or world, exhibitions have been a regular feature in civilised societies. The Great Exhibition in London's Hyde Park, in 1851, was the outstanding pioneer.

Now, over a hundred years later, Brussels prepares to make its bow at the most magnificent exhibition ever devised. One may ask what is the purpose of such colossal shows. The answer is that in an international exhibition, nations display their wares in a spirit of competitive, but not hostile, rivalry. In Brussels the Soviet Union will exhibit close to the United States Pavilion. It is to be hoped that Mr. Khrushchev will inform the world that such a juxtaposition is a step nearer his ideal of "peaceful co-existence."

History and politics aside, Brussels next month and throughout the summer will offer the visitor many marvels. The Exhibition will spread round a very contemporary central feature—the Atomium. This is a representation in keeping with the Nuclear and the Space Age, and illustrates in enlargement of several billion times the orbits of electrons round a central nucleus.

Fanning outwards from the Atomium are the sections and the pavilions of the host nation, Belgium—the Belgian area occupies nearly a quarter of the whole grounds—and of the forty-six nations and eight international organisations who are guests.

The shapes and sizes of the buildings range from the conventional to the most unorthodox. For example, the Soviet Pavilion is a rectangle, in the accepted style of a theatre or a cinema. France and Britain, on the other hand, are among those who have decided for futuristic designs. Wherever one looks one will see the creative forms of contemporary architects.

According to present estimates, Brussels is hoping to receive 35,000,000 visitors during the six months of the Exhibition, which closes on October 19. If this total is achieved, it will comfortably break the world record for international exhibition attendance, which has stood at 32,000,000 since the Paris Exhibition of 1889.

Whether the record is broken or not, it is most sincerely to be hoped that the Exhibition will achieve its purpose, as summed up by the Belgian Commissioner-General, Baron Moens der Fernig: "It is designed to be a plea in defence of Man. On these vast acres, every nation will present its own conception of happiness and the means which, to its own mind, are appropriate to achieve this aim."

(*Further pictures on following pages*)

THE FOCAL-POINT OF THE BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1958: This structure is known as the Atomium, and its intention is to illustrate the orbits of electrons round a central nucleus. It will be 360 ft. high—almost the height of St. Paul's Cathedral—and each of its nine spheres will be 66 ft. in diameter. The topmost sphere is to be a restaurant.

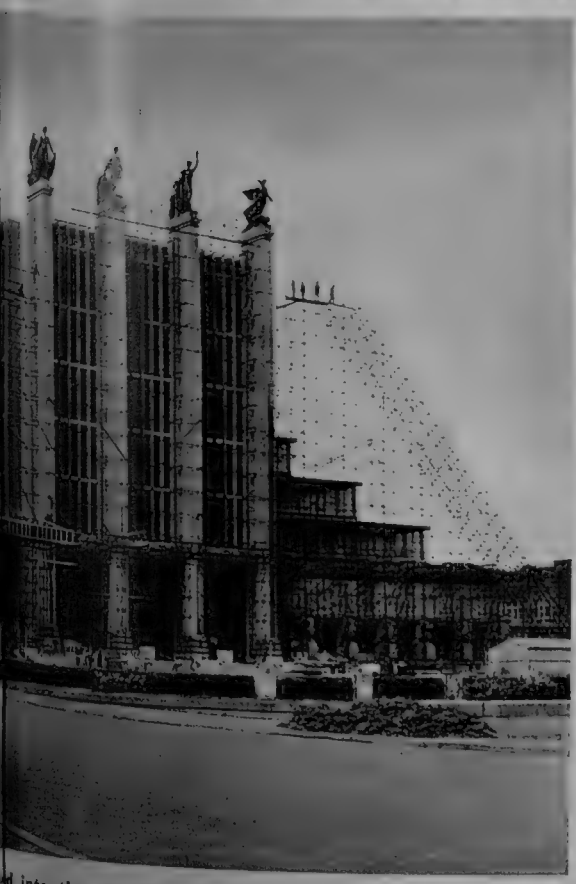
THE PATTERN OF THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION

A FUNCTIONAL DESIGN: The pavilion of Philips Radio and Electronics Co. is by Le Corbusier and designed especially for acoustic properties.

THE PAVILION OF THE HOLY SEE: A church in the shape of a Beduin tent, with a 190-ft.-high tower, and a Conference Hall form the Vatican's Pavilion. On right is one of the emblems of the Exhibition which are to be illuminated at night.

AN ENTRANCE TO THE EXHIBITION: It will ... the pavilions cover some 500 acres ... nations and eight international organis...

PREPARING TO RECEIVE 35,000,000 VISITORS: In the background is the nearly completed Grand Palace. On the left is the Heysel Stadium, with, in front to the right, La Belgique Joyeuse, a reconstruction of an urban centre in eighteenth-century Flemish architecture. To the right again is the Atomium, above the Section for International Organisations. To left in foreground are the Belgian Congo and Ruanda Pavilions and the "suspended" Pavilion of the European Coal and Steel Community.



ed into the Belgian section. Altogether the grounds for all the northern outskirts of the capital of Belgium. Forty-six ons are taking part. Britain's site is one of the five largest.

"THE GARDEN OF THE FOUR SEASONS": Its trellised arches and dome are reflected in the water of the rectangular pool. The garden has been so-called because it is divided into four sections, each of which represents a different season of the year. It will be one of the many horticultural features of the Brussels Exhibition.

MONTH OF THE GREAT AWAKENING

March in the Countryside, and Some Thoughts on the Symbols of Spring

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

SPRING, in England, comes by fits and starts. March, with its grey chilly days alternating with days of sunny, kindly warmth, always manages to bring to the progress of the year a convincing illusion of discontinuity. When the sun shines, and the Downs are dancing in a soft violet haze, and there is a warm west wind to stir the tree-tops, new life is no longer a promise, but reality. The wind swings round to the north: and in a night the face of the earth is changed. There is a nip in the air, sharp under a sullen sky. The meadows lie cold in a grey mist, the woods are black and sombre, the Downs lifeless. The glad rhapsody of bird song, so noticeable yesterday, has to-day chilled to a frightened whimpering. Spring in a night has slipped back to winter. Or so it would seem. In fact, it has not done anything of the sort, as anyone who looks at the countryside in its closer, rather than in its wider, aspect can tell at a glance.

For me the most comforting sight on a chill March day is the blackthorn. The blackthorn takes no account of the weather: cold days and warm, wet days and sunny come alike to the blackthorn and do not seem to affect its growth. When the blackthorn is at its full, the hedgerows bordering the lanes and the fields are garlanded with masses of snow-white blossom and are then more beautiful, I think, than they are at any other time of the year.

Most people, I find, do not like the blackthorn and disregard its beauty: and this is because the full glory of the blossoms sometimes coincides with a cold spell. Then people button up their overcoats, tuck down their chins, wipe away the dewdrop, and assure me, between shivers, that it is the "blackthorn winter." Belief in the certain recurrence of this blackthorn winter is astonishingly widespread among country folk. But it is a belief based upon a fallacy. The term blackthorn winter, had its origin, I fancy, in the whim of some old country poet, who saw in the full-flowered bushes the semblance of thorn bushes laden with snow. Be that as it may: the fact is that the flowering of the blackthorn has no connection whatsoever with the return of wintry weather. If you keep a diary carefully, you will notice that the first blossoms of the blackthorn come in the same week, near enough, every year, no matter what the weather may be. They are the symbol of spring in the month of the great awakening.

The month of the great awakening. That sounds like the cliché of a romantic novelist: it is a fact. Not only do lawn-mowers begin to appear at week-ends, gardens to take shape; the agricultural year to assume an air of greater purpose; the birds to nest; the first of our summer visitors to arrive; wild flowers to burst into profusion, but the real winter sleepers begin to awaken.

All through the winter the reptiles have been asleep, buried away, the earth their blanket. Even in a really warm February the sight of a snake or a lizard is quite exceptional—though I did once see an adder in the snow in the first week of February—and those that are seen from time to time have almost certainly not come forth of their own accord nor at the command of the weather, but because they have been disturbed. As March advances and the sun gains in strength, snake and lizard emerge to warm themselves on banks and stones: and with them that legless lizard, popularly known as the blind-worm or slow-worm (though its bright little eye belies the first name and it can move fast enough when occasion warrants), which is so frequently mistaken for a snake and battered to death by brave men armed with large spades or stout sticks. Its bright, bronze body glistening in the sunlight first catches the eye among the primroses as often as not—it seems to me that the slow-worm has a particular fondness for primroses—but I always see it first in my rockery. (Well, it is not a rockery in the Wisley sense of the word, but a number of large stones which have acquired the name to excuse their presence.)

A slow-worm always passes the winter there, hidden away in a hollow beneath a large flat stone, and then on a nice warm day in March he comes out and climbs on to the stone and suns himself. When I handle him he flicks out his tongue at me and lashes his tail from side to side and tries to make out that he is very fierce and dangerous. He is, of course, quite harmless, and in a moment or two lies still, relishing the warmth of my hand.

March is the month when one first becomes aware of the insects once more. There will be a column of gnats dancing in some sheltered corner of the garden or the lane, the column continually rising and falling, yet always maintaining the same overall shape. These gnats have not yet acquired the voracious appetite of summer and they may be watched closely without fear of subsequent irritation. In March the flies appear once more upon the window-pane, the moths come more frequently to the light, and the bees are busy about their business.

Although the bees have been abroad before this, it is in March that I first become aware of them in numbers, and then on a plant which is not, I think, popularly associated with bees. By this I do not mean that I do not notice bees elsewhere, and in numbers, too ; I do In March the woods hereabouts are filled with the incessant murmur of bees. They are everywhere, and particularly on the wood anemones. (Strangely enough, they appear to ignore the primroses altogether: I do not think that I have ever seen bees on primroses.) But it is when the willows acquire their catkins that I first become aware of bees in multitudes. I suppose that this is because there are not many willows round about here and the few that there are seem to be sought eagerly by all the bees in the neighbourhood.

There is an odd thing about this. The development of the catkin can be very, very rapid. First they are just a row of brown buds set alternately up each stem. As the sun warms them, each bud unfolds and lets through a small silvery pearl. Almost immediately the pearl changes into a tuft, a beautiful silken tuft. These tufts, silvery white, grow very quickly and soon lengthen until each almost touches the next above on the stem and, warming in the sunlight, they turn gently green, so that the whole tree seems to be clothed in a silver-green dress. When they are in this stage it needs only a day's sunlight for each cocoon to double its size and become a burning yellow. It is when the catkin is but half-open, when the silver pearl is changing to a silver tuft, that the bees arrive and from each tree come the hum of a myriad bees. The odd thing is that these are the male catkins of the willow, but I am told by bee-keeping friends—I do not know anything about bees myself—that the honey comes only from the female the pistil-bearing trees.

It is an insect that first tells me, beyond all doubt, that spring is here. It ought, I suppose, to be a bird, the chiff-chaff. The chiff-chaff is not by any means the earliest arrival among our summer visitors, but it is the first to arrive in any number, and it is certainly the one for which bird-lovers wait most eagerly: perhaps because it has a quite unmistakable song. The chiff-chaff may arrive at any time after the first week of the month; as a matter of fact, a few sometimes spend the winter in Devon or Cornwall—but I do not usually hear one until about the third week. Then that cheery double note, ringing down from the oaks, tells me that spring is definitely here. The chiff-chaff does not make mistakes about the season. But it often misjudges our English weather.

The brimstone does not. I expect to see my first brimstone butterfly in March, and if I do not, well, then that year spring does not come till April. Last year it was on the thirtieth, in a lovely warm sun, that I saw my first brimstone. It is always a warm and sunny day, a real spring day, when I see the first brimstone of the year. And I count this first sight of a brimstone feeding on the fresh spring flowers among my chief joys in the year. Back in the autumn he drained the nectar from a scabious blossom, and as I see him drink again from spring flowers, I see the living emblem of the endless success of the seasons, and know that the year has turned full circle.

THE ADVENT OF SPRING: Young lambs keep close to their parents while exploring the surroundings of Mr. F. J. Willis's farm at Winteringham, in Lincolnshire.

ACHIEVING PERFECTION IN THE FINE ART OF PLOUGHING A STRAIGHT FURROW: A ploughman is walking behind a team of well-bred, well-trained English horses at a farm in Kent. Until quite recently thirty-six working horses were employed on the farm but the introduction of two modern tractors has reduced this number to twelve.

WORK BEGINS ON THE RESTORATION OF THE CEILING OF THE PAINTED HALL AT THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE AT GREENWICH: Artist restorers of the Ministry of Works prepare for the cleaning and restoration of the ceiling which was painted by Sir James Thornhill in the early part of the eighteenth century.

RESTORING A PAINTED CEILING

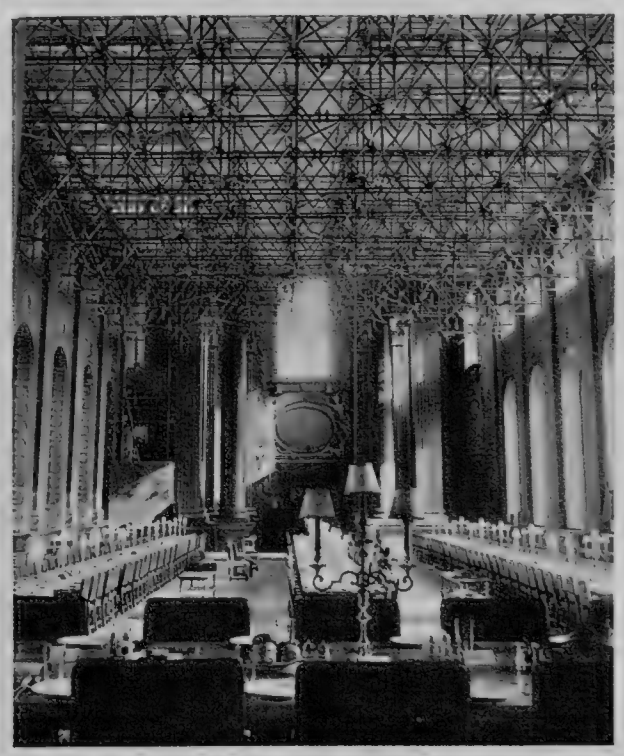
A Lengthy Task is Under Way in The Painted Hall at Greenwich

DETAIL OF THE CEILING IN THE PAINTED HALL AT GREENWICH: A section is examined by restorers. The ceiling depicts allegorical scenes round portraits of William and Mary.

With the completion of the restoration and cleaning of the ceiling of the vestibule at the Painted Hall of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, the restorers are turning their attention to the ceiling of the Hall itself. The present work is expected to take about two years to complete and is being undertaken by the Ministry of Works in conjunction with the Admiralty. Although this is the first scientific cleaning and restoration to be undertaken since the ceiling was painted by Sir James Thornhill in the early eighteenth century, other work has been carried out at intervals. In 1742 and again in 1776 damage caused by damp had to be made good, and further restoration was undertaken in 1807 and in 1845. Some cleaning of the huge ceiling, which measures 105 ft. by 46 ft., was also carried out a short while before the Second World War.

A preliminary examination of the ceiling has revealed that the entire painting is covered with a hard and discoloured varnish which is difficult to remove. Underneath are many cracks and re-touchings, but experimental cleaning has shown the original colour and pigment to be in good condition. But with years of grime and layers of yellowed varnish the appearance of the colours has changed. As the restoration proceeds, a photographic record is being made of each section.

The payment for the ceiling was not finally settled until 1730, four years after the completion of all Sir James Thornhill's work at Greenwich. When he began in 1708 Thornhill relied on the Board of Directors of the Greenwich Hospital to pay him what they thought he deserved. Four years later he applied for some payment on account, and in 1717 he asked that it be made at the rate given to artists engaged on similar work. Thornhill's demand was £5 a square yard for the ceiling and £1 a square yard for the walls, but he accepted £3 a square yard for the ceiling and £1 a square yard for the walls.



PRELIMINARY EXAMINATIONS: *Left*—Artists are experimenting with various solvents before starting on the actual restoration of the ceiling. *Right*—A general view looking along the vast Hall and showing the scaffolding which has been erected for the restoration and cleaning work. Although much scaffolding has had to be erected, the greater part of the Hall is unaffected by the work, and it has been decided that the Hall should remain open to the public while the restoration is in progress.

STRANGE CUSTOMS IN SWITZERLAND

In the Canton of the Grisons a Number of Old Customs Have Been Retained Virtually in Their Original State. One of the Most Interesting Takes Place To-day, March 1st

By JOHN STEEL

MANY a fine old custom that once lent character to the lives of village communities in Britain and on the continent of Europe has disappeared during the last twenty years, due to various levelling influences. In Switzerland, however, time has at least stood still in the Canton of the Grisons, where a number of such customs have been retained virtually in their original state. As is known to many people, Switzerland has a fourth official language, Romansch or Ladin, which is spoken by approximately 45,000 people. Primitive magic and nature cults form the basis of several weather and farming rules still faithfully observed by these Raeto-Romanic people. Charms and protective rites relating to births, weddings and deaths, as well as an ancient fear of demons and spirits inherited from pre-Christian times, still live on in certain isolated mountain valleys. Some of the customs practised in these lonely Grisons villages are even calculated to make one's flesh creep.

There is a custom associated with the season of good will. It is Christmas night in a farmer's timbered farmhouse high up in the mountains of the Engadine ; around the rough wooden table in the living-room there is being enacted a strange, eerie scene which Pieter Bruegel would have delighted to paint. Outside, snow is falling heavily and the immense silence is only broken from time to time by the roar of a distant avalanche. By the light of flickering candles the farmer and his family are looking intently at the outer shells of twelve onions which have been placed in a row on the table ; each shell represents to them a month of the year. A few minutes before, the farmer had dropped a pinch of salt into all of them. Slowly the salt begins to melt according to the degree of humidity in each shell ; after a while the farmer picks them up and the amount of salt left in each shell serves as a key to the weather that may be expected during each coming month.

In the adjoining stables animals are huddling together to get what warmth they can, as the night is bitterly cold. Midnight has nearly come, but no one will dare go near them, for in the midst of Christmas Night animals are supposed to be endowed with human speech and should their owner eavesdrop on them, he might well hear something to his discredit, particularly from Heinz, the mule, who has been a faithful slave to the farmer for more years than either of them can remember !

There are so many of these customs that it would be impossible to mention them all ; one mysterious ceremony sometimes held, which has now almost disappeared, is the pouring of molten lead into cold water. Prognostications are made as to forthcoming events from the shape taken by the solidifying lead. Legacies, weddings and deaths are foretold this way—a proceeding by no means without danger to a credulous mind.

Yet another firmly-held belief is that if one washes in running water during the noontide ringing of church bells on Midsummer's Day, warts and freckles will instantly vanish. Both sexes are said to benefit !

DRIVING OUT THE DEMONS OF WINTER : Equipped with outsize cow-bells and other noisy instruments, the boys of a village in the Grisons prepare to drive out the demons of winter during the Chalanda Marz celebrations which take place annually on March 1. *On left*—Another custom in the Lower Engadine is for schoolgirls and the village's most attractive young women to be chased by the boys and receive a few strokes on the back from the *bulavitra*, a stick wrapped in straw and covered with sheepskin, which is supposed to impart fertility to the human body.

In the Oberhalbstein Valley wild flowers are plucked on the day before Midsummer's Day and hung in bunches on the village flour-chest. Whoever does this, provided he or she is in a pious frame of mind and repeats the Lord's Prayer three times, will have abundant flour in the chest throughout the year.

On March 1 the Chalanda Marz celebrations feature prominently in the Engadine. Unmistakably pagan, they once served the purpose, with their noisy observances, of driving out the evil demons of winter and aiding the good spirits of spring to get to work as quickly as possible and promote growth and fertility.

On the morning of the first day of March the village boys of the Engadine, armed with cow-bells, gongs and other resounding instruments, form a large and noisy procession that makes its way around the village, swarming into the yards of farmhouses to sing the traditional Chalanda Marz song, which, translated, is as follows :

First of March, first of April,
Drive the cows out of the stall ;
The cows go with the calves,
The ewes with the lambs,
The goats with the kids,
And the hens lay eggs,
If you give us something,
May God bless you,
If you give us nothing,
The wolf will rob you.

It need hardly be added that in the face of such promises and threats, there are few people who do not give the boys something. Nowadays the boys generally receive money, but in the past Chalanda Marz gifts often consisted of bread, rice, flour, butter, eggs, sausages of every kind and description, not to mention nuts and dried fruit. Villagers considered such tribute well worth their while, as it ensured them an afternoon's peace ! In the afternoon the older girls, directed by a woman who enjoys a reputation for her good cooking, prepare a feast for the school children of the village in an inn or the village hall. This meal, which is attended by the local priest and schoolteacher, is followed by a ball, which usually lasts far into the small hours.

The oldest and purest of the Chalanda Marz observances are found in the Oberhalbstein Valley. While the bell procession of the Engadine boys is normally restricted to the village streets and alleys, at Bivio, in another valley, they range far over the fields and meadows. In other Oberhalbstein villages the procession circles several times round the fountains which, according to an old superstition, are the favourite haunt of the demons of winter.

The boys of Salux close their Chalanda Marz festivities with a thoroughly vigorous rough-and-tumble *battaglia*. Armed with wooden swords, they sally forth to do battle with the boys of neighbouring villages, then amid blood-curdling yells the two hordes clash together, pummelling and thrusting at each other with their swords until one side is put to flight. Then the losers are pursued to the outskirts of their own village by the triumphant "warriors." These *battaglias*, in which the skill of the "warriors" is measured by the number and size of bumps and bruises they manage to inflict on their opponents, also seem to have been regarded at one time as having a fertility-promoting effect. According to an old Grisons proverb—the hay and corn flourish all the better if the boys set about one another in a really spirited way !

At Flond, near Ilanz, it was customary up to twenty to thirty years ago for the girls who had been confirmed to be pursued on the same evening by the young unmarried women of the village, who beat them with green wands. Legend has it that those who were successful in escaping from this beating forfeited their chances of ever finding a suitable husband. There is little doubt that both the confirmation wands of Flond and the *bulavitra* of Fetan are only variants of the life-giving rod which exists throughout Germanic folklore, and by whose strokes the forces of fertility in the green bough were thought to be transferred to the human body.

Despite all these peculiar customs and strange sayings, no harm seems to be caused to any of the villagers who live in the Grisons valleys, for it would be hard to find a more contented or better-looking group of people. Not only are they happy and exceedingly prosperous, but in keeping up these local customs and by wearing their traditional dress on every ceremonial occasion, they maintain a way of life which has, alas, vanished for ever in many parts of Europe.

Mountain people have always been renowned for their thrift, so only one thing seems to disappoint them in their Alpine "Shangri La." For generations, peasants in the Grisons have been told that ferns bloom in the night before Midsummer Day and bear their seeds by morning. Providing the seeds are duly collected during the pealing of the noontide bells, they are said to change instantly into gold. Alas, there is no record of this miracle having occurred so far !

THE GRANDEUR OF SWITZERLAND: The view is of the holiday resort of Pontresina, at the foot of the Bernina Range, in the Upper Engadine. Although superstition may not linger on in Pontresina, which is cosmopolitan and gay, the valley on the right leads to lonely farmhouses where a strange custom is still practised. It relates to the foretelling of weather conditions by means of salt placed in onion shells, the ritual of which is described in the article on the opposite page.

Onions, Water and Wild Flowers

All are Used During the Practice of Strange Customs in Switzerland

A BALCONY IN ZOUZ: In this village on the evening of Midsummer day bachelors lie in wait for the village girls and spray them with water from wooden tubes known as "squita-roulas" and the girls respond by presenting the boys with eggs—this is a common fertility symbol!

FLOWERS FOR PROTECTION: It is believed that flowers picked during the mid-day ringing of bells at Midsummer, and hung at windows, will protect the house from thunder and lightning. In an old book of Raeto-Romanic anthology it is stated "God is considered to have blessed the flowers since they were gathered during the ringing of the mid-day bells."

The Sphere of Travel

MOORISH ANDALUSIA

The Outstanding Attractions of Cordoba, Seville, Granada and Ronda are Their Remains of the Civilisation Brought to Spain by the Moors

By GORDON COOPER

IT was during the eighth century that the Muhammadan Moors came and conquered Spain, and their occupation, in varying degree, lasted until Ferdinand II of Aragon and Isabella of Castile conquered Granada, the invaders' last kingdom, in 1492. For some eight centuries Islam brought to Spanish civilisation a dazzling incursion of Oriental science, philosophy, and letters. This civilisation also embraced the creation of beautiful homes of learning and dream-like palaces.

The Moors governed well, and were tolerant to Jews and Christians. Small wonder that they felt they were an imperial race, which without a doubt they were. They represented one of those inevitable and instinctive processes of history which seem to be beyond the control of man, and are entirely dependent upon fate. The collapse of this Saracenic civilisation remains one of the mysteries of history, yet it lends a peculiar fascination to their achievements, especially in Andalusia, for there it flourished exceptionally and has left an ineffaceable impression.

Of the Moorish towns in Southern Spain, the most interesting to-day are Cordoba, Seville, Granada and Ronda, but there are reminders of the Saracen dominion in several other places. A car is the most convenient way of touring Andalusia, but all these main centres can be reached by train.

The long journey from Madrid to Cordoba across the Castilian plain is uninteresting, until one approaches the Sierra de Morena, the great range that separates Castile from Andalusia. It was amid the desolation of these mountain passes that Don Quixote stayed in solitude, doing penance so rigorously that even Sancho Panza forsook him. Travelling by train, it is best to take the night express, though it reaches Cordoba rather early in the morning—about six o'clock.

Even so, for the imaginatively-minded person the moment of arrival must surely stir the heart. Here, over a thousand years ago, when much of our northern civilisation had still to be developed, Cordoba, "Bride of Andalusia," shone in the glory of an almost incredible civilisation. It was the Athens of its time, and its fame spread far and wide, attracting thinkers of all creeds from other countries. Under the glorious rule of the Ommeyyad dynasty, there existed standards of life which probably have never been excelled. For roughly three centuries, this city offered a brilliance and luxury as vivid as the Arabian Nights. Above all, it had its great Mezquita (Mosque), which to-day still ranks as one of the world's outstanding monuments.

I have long been convinced that the lasting memory one gets of any great building hinges very considerably on one's first encounter. In the case of Cordoba's Mosque, my own first advent was at dawn. From the railway station I passed through the rather dull modern town to reach the Moorish quarter. I walked on through narrow, twisting streets, with whitewashed houses, many with undoubted Moorish doorways, with lovely horseshoe forms and offering enticing peeps of cool patios beyond. Then I came to the Mezquita, which is not only the most beautiful thing in Spain (its pre-eminence being only disputed by the Giralda at Seville and the Alhambra at Granada), but the most beautiful fabric ever built for Islam. There is no mosque quite like it.

At so early an hour the gold-coloured mosque was still closed to tourists, but I managed to enter by a small side-door used for those attending Mass in the enclosed cathedral. Once inside I found myself in a dim forest of close on a thousand pillars—pillars that came originally from Carthage, from Rome, from Byzantium to uphold this beautiful and holy place originally designed to surpass the Temple of Jerusalem itself.

The mosque is of enormous size, having an area approximately the same as that of St. Peter's in Rome. Of this, about one-third is occupied by the Court of Oranges, the remainder by the mosque itself. Court and mosque are surrounded by an embattled wall pierced here and there by Moorish gates, the finest of which is the Puerta del Perdon, a majestic entrance which outlines ideally the lovely vista of the court inside. Just to wander in this court is a delight and also a contrast with the grandeur and mystery of the interior. Inside the mosque, the outstanding gem is the Mihrab, the Arab's Holy of Holies, where the knees of so many who have prayed there have worn away the marble.

Apart from the mosque, there is not a great deal to see in Cordoba, other than the delightful Moorish quarter. Here one can stroll by the hour discovering the most enchanting nooks and vistas—don't fail to visit the tiny Plaza de las Flores, with its flower-pot-adorned walls. The Provincial Museum, with its beautiful patios, is also interesting, and I recommend an excursion to Medina Azahara, situated five miles from Cordoba. Excavations are being made on the site of a great Moorish city. It included a royal residence, the grandeur of which is said to have stupefied visiting ambassadors. Of this famous and fantastic building, where the Caliphs once led a dream-like and opulent existence, only a heap of stones remains.

A FORMER PALACE OF MOORISH KINGS ADAPTED BY CHRISTIAN luxuriant foliage. The palace as it stands to-day was largely employed Moorish craftsmen who embodied in the structure

By train, Seville is just over two hours from Cordoba, but I recommend that at least one night should be spent in the latter city, for you will never get a proper appreciation of its appeal by trying to "do" its sights in half a day. For all those people who hold romantic ideas of what Spain should be, Royal Seville provides the realisation. You must, of course, ignore some of the distressing signs of modernisation. The city of the past has to be discovered, mainly in the Santa Cruz quarter, where the stroller will find crooked streets, grilled windows and high, flower-embowered balconies, and there will be many peeps into the exquisite patios of many of the houses. In no other place that I know is the so great a temptation for the passer-by to pry into the domestic ways of his fellows.

Although the reputation of Seville under the Moors was second only to that of Cordoba, there is little in

THE COURT OF THE MYRTLES IN THE ALHAMBRA: This is an open area in the palace at Granada with a fish pond between hedges of myrtle.

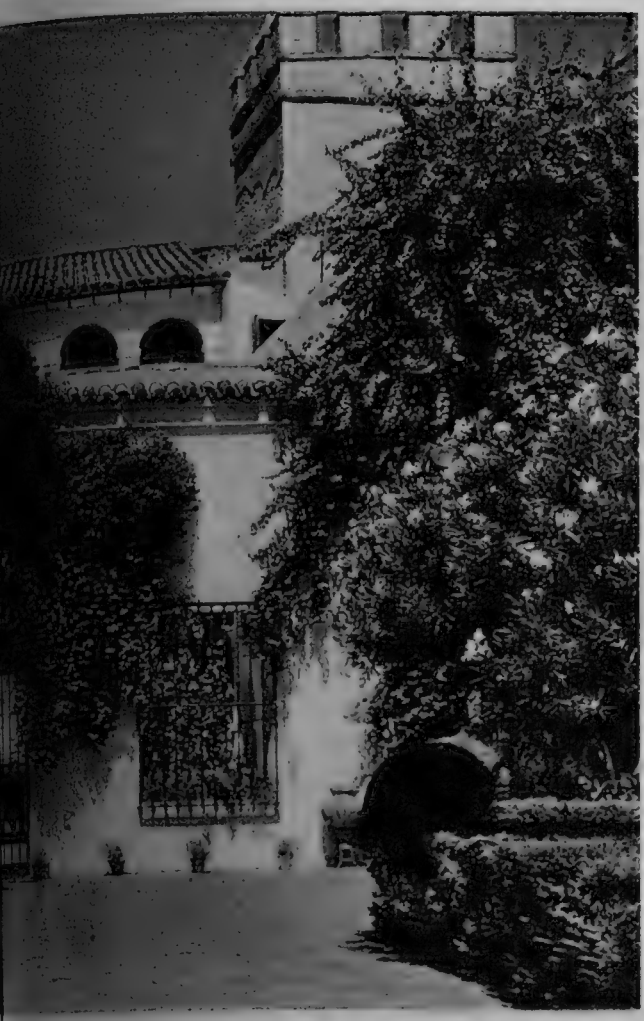
MOORISH REMAINS IN SEVILLE: The courtyard with its fountain and orange trees is entered by a Moorish arch which, it is believed, may be a relic of an old mosque. Seville Cathedral is nearby.

TRAVEL AT LEISURE ROUND THE WORLD

Round the world in 150 days, on a cargo ship carrying only twelve passengers, is an alternative to the projected B.O.A.C. service which may appeal to those with a little time and leisure on their hands. The latest list of ports of call given by the owners, the Ellerman and Bucknall Line, is most varied and colourful. It includes such places as New York, Curaçao, Los Angeles, Manila, Hong Kong, Japan, Shanghai, Singapore, Penang, Colombo and Suez. The fares run from £505 to £555, and there are departures approximately every month from a port in the United Kingdom.

If you prefer the luxury of the s.s. *Southern Cross* and wish to go round the world approximately in the same time as Jules Verne's hero Phileas Fogg there are several sailings from Southampton both this year and next, calling at Trinidad, Fiji, Wellington, Sydney, Durban, Cape Town and Las Palmas, to name some of the ports visited. On the March and December sailings it is noted that, weather permitting, a call will be made at Tahiti. There is only one class on this Shaw Savill liner and the fares start at £287.

Less ambitious but comparatively long round voyages on cargo ships can be arranged provided



MONARCHS: A courtyard in the Alcazar, in Seville, contains restored or rebuilt by Pedro the Cruel in the fourteenth century. He fragments from the earlier palaces of Moorish kings on the site.

THE ELEGANCE OF MOHAMMEDAN ARCHITECTURE: In the centre of the Court of the Lions, in the famous Alhambra of Granada, is the Fountain of the Lions, resting on the backs of twelve lions carved in grey marble. Around the court is an arcade of stilted arches, the variation in their span and size giving a charming effect of lightness.

the way of buildings to call back the Moorish past. But there is one outstanding exception in that pearl of Andalusia, the exquisite Giralda. My suggestion for a first approach is to go down the Calle de la Borcigueneria, a very Moorish street with a kind of dim twilight, and then, at the end, to emerge into a square of sunshine, beyond which rises the tall Giralda.

Dating from the twelfth century, the Giralda was the minaret of a mosque, and it was built on foundations of Roman remains. It has two sisters in Morocco: the tower of Hassan at Rabat, and that of Koutoubia at Marrakesh. The original summit was destroyed in 1568, and replaced by the present Renaissance belfry which contains the bells one hears all over Seville. It is possible to ascend the 300-ft. tower—a toilsome but not unprofitable climb—whence one is rewarded with a wonderful panoramic view of the city and the countryside beyond. At sunset especially the experience is unforgettable.

Adjoining the Giralda, where once stood the mosque, is the largest Gothic cathedral in the world. It is most awe-inspiring, but as it is not Moorish I will continue on to the Alcazar, close by. This is the ancient palace of the Moorish kings, whose palaces adjoined the mosques.

Although it is questionable whether much, if any, of the original palace exists, yet as it stands it presents a revelation of Moorish art applied to secular use. And what if it be not really Moorish but Mudejar? After all, the work done by Moors for their Christian conquerors was often just as good. For, surely, no kings, however Christian, could live here without becoming heavily tinged with the Oriental spirit. So I think you can approach the Mudejar Alcazar in expectant and admiring mood.

Possibly, you may be disappointed, for this building certainly does not approach the Alhambra either in its setting or distinctive decorations. Particularly attractive are the gardens which are extremely beautiful, with their marble fountains, their Moorish tiling, and fine date-palms and orange trees. These gardens, by the way, can be visited apart from the palace, the building of which was mostly the work of Pedro the Cruel, who employed the best Moorish artisans for the tiling and interior carving and decorations. They are as good of their kind as any in Spain, with the sole exception of Granada.

Elsewhere in Seville, the picture-lover will want to see some splendid works of the Sevillian School, including the best of Murillo, in the Art Gallery. More examples of this artist's work can be found in the chapel of La Cardidad, a small hospital and home for the aged poor. The Town Hall is one of the finest examples of Plateresque architecture in Spain, and Pilate's House, supposed to be a reproduction of the house of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem, is a curiosity. Four miles distant from the city is the Roman amphitheatre of Italica, birthplace of Trajan. Present excavations are bringing to light some interesting discoveries.

Now, on to Granada, a city of little interest to the tourist apart from the Alhambra, although the Cathedral is a fine building in the Renaissance style, where, among other glories, you may find the tombs of the Catholic kings and some good pictures; the Cartuja—the Charterhouse—a plateresque building, is also of some appeal.

Granada is a city long fallen from her high estate. It is the nearby hill of the Alhambra, that hill of running waters, where the palace of the Moors, sadly mutilated and spoiled, but still exquisite though destroyed, which rewards the traveller for his journey. Like the Mosque of Cordoba and the Giralda of Seville, it is one of the outstanding sights of the world.

So much has been written about this most perfect of all Moorish palaces that in the limited space left me I feel some practical advice may be most useful to intending visitors. First, I feel that a proper appreciation and understanding of this building should be acquired from prior reading. And nothing is better in this respect than the two classic books by Washington Irving: *Tales of the Alhambra* and *The Conquest of Granada*. They not only give you the essential background, but also make you envy the author who had the good fortune, a century or so ago, to live in the palace, even though in his day the place was in a state of ruin. Above all, he does help you in creating, or stimulating, a lively imagination which plays such an important part in a proper appreciation of this amazing creation.

Secondly, I am strongly of the opinion that when you do visit Granada, you should lodge in the vicinity of the Alhambra and not in the town below. By doing so you can take delightful walks after dark, absorbing more of the historical atmosphere. The ideal hotel is the *Parador de San Francisco*, a former ancient monastery which stands within the outer walls of the Alhambra. Unfortunately, it has very few rooms and is usually fully booked up. Anyhow, have a meal there even if you cannot get a lodging. The nearby *Alhambra Palace Hotel* (luxury category) is also well situated, while in a cheaper range is the *Washington Irving Hotel* as well as two or three guest-houses. In the town itself, the second-class hotel *Carlos V* can be recommended. Do not forget, too, that the gardens in the nearby Generalife are as lovely as any in Europe.

Finally, a few words on Ronda, an ideal place for an interlude, a breathing-space, especially in summer, when the heat makes sightseeing in the other Andalusian cities tiring. Ronda stands high in the mountains, at an altitude of 2,460 ft., so that the climate there is cool, healthy and bracing. While the beauty of the surrounding countryside is the main attraction, yet in the old town, separated from the new town by a chasm 600 ft. deep and spanned by a fine bridge, there are some Moorish remains. The cathedral, for instance, is a transformed mosque, with minaret adjoining. Then there is the "House of the Moorish Kings," which was built in the eleventh century and is still privately inhabited. The house still glows with Moorish decorations, but its outstanding glory is the old Moorish garden, laid out in small terraces that descend the slope of a precipice. The paths wind down the edge of the abyss amid rocks and cypresses and a profusion of roses, jasmine and pergolas. It is the ideal garden for lovers—and surely in this enchanted land we are all lovers, at least of beauty.

RECOMMENDED HOTELS

Cordoba: Simon, Regina.
Seville: Madrid.
Granada: Parador de San Francisco, Alhambra Palace, Carlos V.
Ronda: Victoria.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

Spanish Tourist Office, 70, *Jermyn Street, London, S.W.*1.
Lammin Tours Ltd., 67, *Blenheim Terrace, N.W.*8.
Wings Ltd., 48*a*, *Park Road, N.W.*1.
Motorways, 85, *Knightsbridge, S.W.*1.
Horizon Holidays Ltd., 17, *Hanover Street, W.*1.
Contours Ltd., 72, *Newman Street, W.*1.
Thos. Cook and Son Ltd., 45, *Berkeley Street, W.*1.
Iberia Spanish Airlines, 19-20, *New Bond Street, W.*1.

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you are not set on particular ports of call, or you don't mind arriving back later than you planned. Cargo always comes first and changes of itinerary are therefore to be expected. Such is the demand, however, that passages have to be secured many months ahead.

A few taken at random will indicate the scope. The *Ghanakust*, belonging to the Holland West Africa Line, leaves Amsterdam twice monthly on a ninety-day voyage to Bordeaux, Dakar, Freetown, Monrovia, Takoradi, Accra, Lagos, Luanda and Lobito. Fares run from £220. A much shorter round voyage on a ship belonging to the Prince Line lasts from thirty to sixty days, visiting Tunis, Malta, Libya, Alexandria, Beirut, Cyprus and Israel, with a fare of from £120. Again, the *Beechmore* and other similarly named Furness ships occasionally sail to the Piræus, Istanbul and Black Sea ports. The length of the voyage may be anything from thirty-five to fifty days. The fare is round about the £140 mark. There are dozens of others from which to choose. The alternatives are bewildering but any good travel agent has the details at his fingertips. Give him a first, second and third choice and ask him to telephone you when he has obtained an offer of the berths you require.

W. D. C. C.

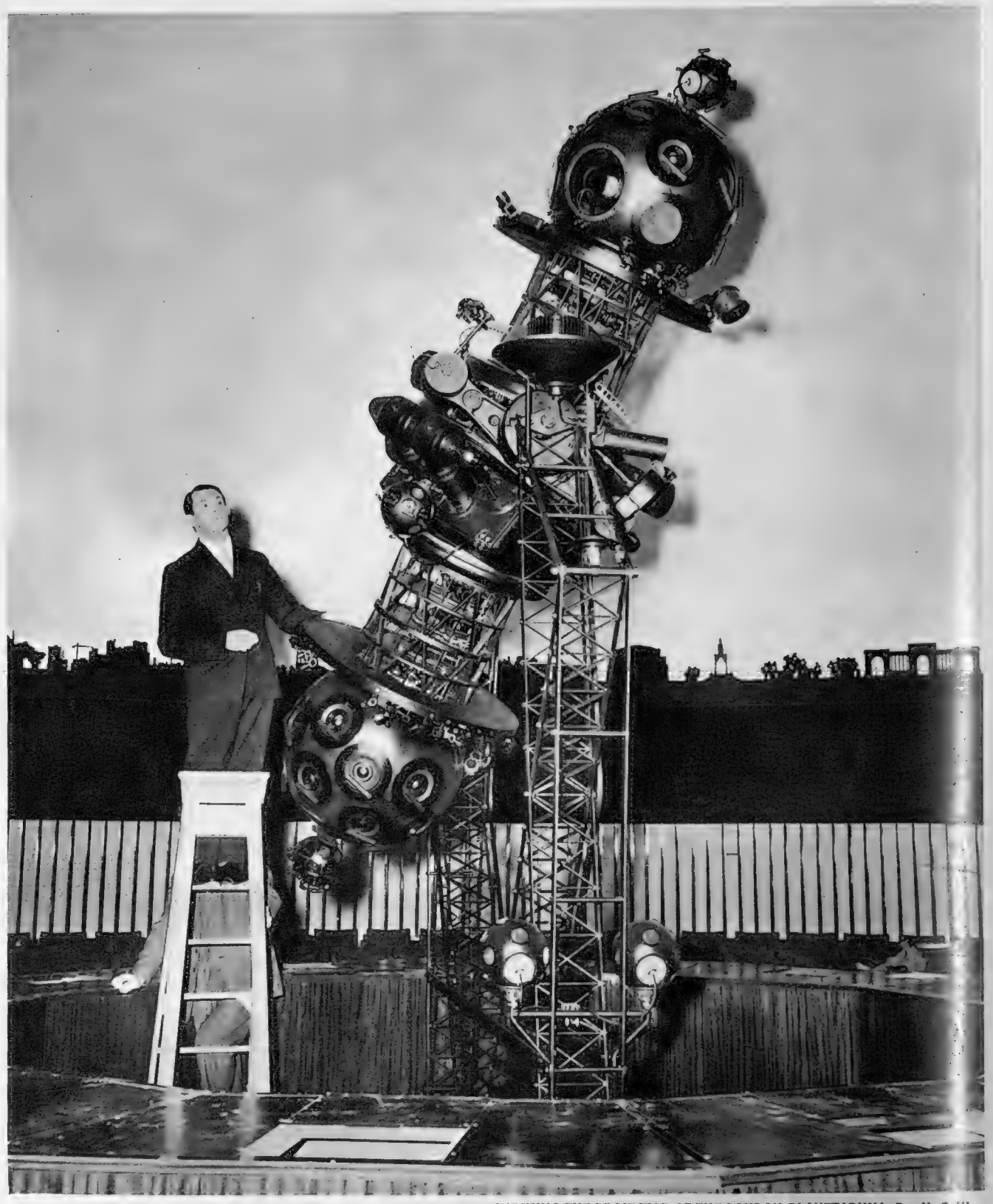
THEATRE OF THE SKIES

The First Planetarium in the Commonwealth Will be Opened Next Month

The finishing touches are now being carried out to the London Planetarium—the first of its kind in the Commonwealth—in readiness for the opening on March 19, which is to be attended by the Duke of Edinburgh. Its construction, in Marylebone Road, adjacent to Madame Tussaud's, has taken almost two years. The planetarium, described as the eighth wonder of the world, is a theatre of the skies where the sun, moon, planets and stars are the celestial actors and the deep vault of heaven the stage. It makes possible the transition from the roar of daytime traffic to the silence and beauty of night with the cloudless heavens overhead. Here, the pageant of the firmament is unfolded and the age-old drama of the universe performed in all its splendour.

The instrument making this transition possible is known as a projector. Combining the latest developments in optics, precision engineering and electronics, it comprises more than 29,000 separate parts and weighs over 2½ tons. The main body is 13 ft. 9 ins. in length, and the large globes at each end contain thirty-two projectors, which together can throw nearly 9,000 fixed stars on to the dome. Forty-two small projectors show the brightest stars in the heavens—those of first and second magnitude—while special projectors for the sun, moon and naked-eye planets are mounted within the lattice framework which joins the main star globes. In all, 180 projectors, controlled by seven electric motors, combine to give a completely realistic and accurate reproduction of the world of infinite space and wonder at the present time; during the past or in the future.

The dome in which it is housed is the largest copper-covered dome in the British Isles. This in turn houses the inner dome on which the star images are projected. Made from sheets of aluminium and painted white, it is a complete hemisphere. The dome is perforated with over 20,000,000 tiny holes to ensure the finest acoustic properties. The projector is made by Carl Zeiss.



CHECKING THE PROJECTOR OF THE LONDON PLANETARIUM: Dr. H. C. King, narrator-in-chief, checks the complex planetarium instrument assembled in an 81-ft.-diameter dome in Marylebone Road. It will be used to project on to the inside of the dome realistic and accurate reproductions of the heavens at the present time, or at any era of the past or future. The instrument comprises nearly 29,000 separate parts. The globes at each end contain thirty-two projectors. Together these can throw nearly 9,000 star images on the dome. Special projectors in the lattice work will give the effect of the sun, moon and naked-eye planets.

AT THE CONTROLS: Mr. N. Saunders, an assistant narrator, sits at the control panel. Round the base of the dome is a frieze of London's skyline. The planetarium is designed to show in a matter of minutes movements of the planets which in reality could only be seen by years of watching.

A NEW LANDMARK IN MARYLEBONE ROAD: An exterior view of the copper dome which has been built on a bombed cinema site next to Madame Tussaud's. The planetarium can accommodate up to 543 people.

COMPETITION SHARPENS—THE BUSINESS OF SHAVING

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

TO about 19,000,000 British males, shaving is one of the few remaining ritual observances still enjoined by modern society, endured rather than enjoyed as a daily exercise in precise workmanship at which practice seldom makes quite perfect. Who can honestly boast that he never cuts himself? But to about 10,000 people in perhaps thirty British firms, shaving is a substantial business—one that has been wholly transformed by one technical innovation during the last sixty years, and is now in process of being radically altered by another.

The conventional implement with which most of us shave is the result of one of the most famous "commercial inventions" of business history: commercial in that it originated not from some devoted technician seeking a cherished goal, but from a businessman who was looking for something, no matter what, that could be sold in vast numbers to an assured market. King C. Gillette came from an inventive family; but he was a travelling salesman in the United States when William Painter suggested that he should try to devise something that the consumer could use, throw away, and buy again. Since Mr. Painter had invented the crown bottle cork, a fair example of his own formula, his advice was not to be sniffed at.

In 1895 Mr. Gillette conceived the notion of a cheap razor with a disposable blade—inevitably, one morning while he was shaving. It took him some time to turn his idea into hardware. He patented his first crude safety-razor blades—more than 1,000,000,000 a year. More than 3,000,000 a day are used up, which for men without electric shavers means a new blade about every five days, perhaps seven packets of ten blades a year. Over the last twenty years the number of blades used in Britain has roughly doubled, which is far more than the moderate increase in the male population of "shaving age"; partly, no doubt, because daily shaving has become more strongly established in all walks of life, but also because we are all indulging our faces by giving them new blades more often. Indeed, the number of men shaving with conventional safety razors can hardly have risen at all, for the electric dry shaver has been cutting a growing swathe out of the market.

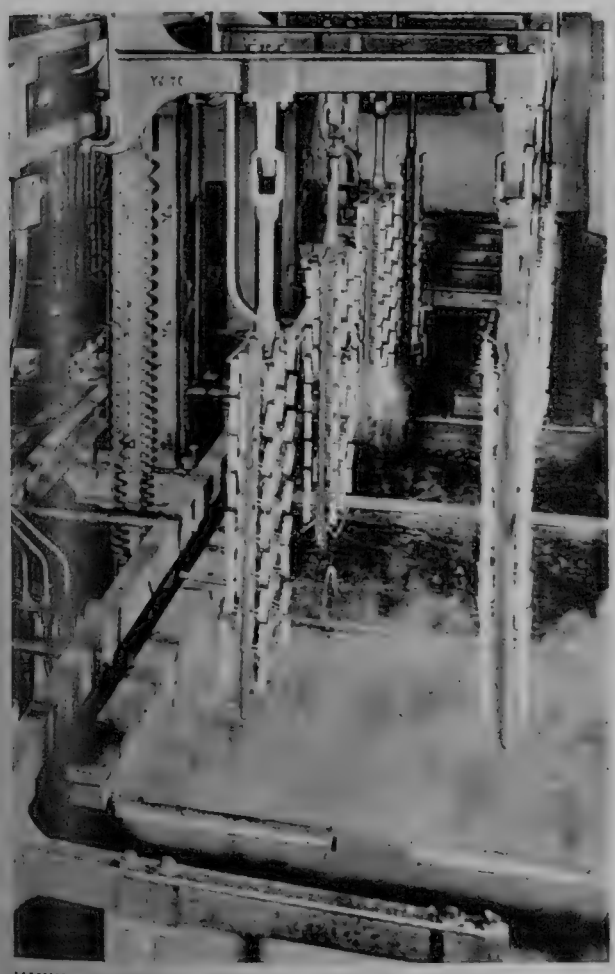
This innovation came harder upon the heels of Gillette's safety razor than most people would imagine. It was as early as 1910 that an American Army officer named Jacob Shick, while convalescent after a slight injury in Alaska, thought out the original design for a shaver that would eliminate blade, soap and water. But his own war service intervened, and it took years of experiment with different kinds of cutting head and motor before the Shick dry shaver was first marketed—in the not-very-promising year, for the United States, of 1929. Electric shavers were marketed in Britain in the '30's; but their manufacture never reached any large scale in this country until after the war. Since 1948,

In a factory such as Gillette Industries' plant on the Great West Road, millions of blades are turned out daily, on machines designed and, to a large extent, built by the company itself. First the steel strip, in lengths of, say, a quarter of a mile at a time, is perforated into blade shape, and printed with the various brand names produced by Gillette. Still as a continuous strip, it is heated and tempered in various furnaces, and given a coating of lacquer; then several of these long strips are joined into a length of two miles or more to enter the automatic sharpening and honing machines. Finally separated into blades, charged into magazines, and run through automatic wrapping equipment, the familiar packet emerges. The modern razor blade is an extraordinarily fine tool; far more precise than most of the hands that wield it.

At present, in Britain, it is still wielded by probably 85 to 90 per cent. of British men shaving. Since the war, probably 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 electric shavers have been sold in this country; but the trade reckons that only about one man in seven actually uses a dry shaver. None of the biggest makers of safety razors has moved into this alternative market: the makers here have been mainly firms in other branches of light electrical engineering, such as Philips Electrical, with Remington Rand from the office machinery field, and Ronson, a maker of cigarette lighters that wanted to diversify its products. There are about a dozen companies in the field, with the three named above heading the market; and the equipment now offers a wide variety of types of cutting head with mains, battery and non-electric motors.

Many men think their beards would defy any electric shaver; some have tried at least one and not been satisfied. Specialist shops to-day stock a wide range and attempt to fit the shaver to the buyer's beard; one in London, indeed, suggests an examination of a customer's day-old growth before advising a brand. There is no doubt that the dry shaver will continue to increase its share of the shaving market.

What is it all worth? In all, the English male has recently been spending



MAKING ELECTRIC SHAVERS AT A SCOTTISH FACTORY: A batch of Remington cutter heads are being lifted from the plating vats, where chromium is deposited to a controlled thickness of ·0001 in. The picture was taken at the new Remington Rand factory at Thornliebank, near Glasgow.

SOLDERING CONDENSERS TO REMINGTON MOTORS: These components are needed to give complete radio and television suppression. At the next operation the rotors and contact arms will be added, and each motor will then be ready for preliminary testing. *On right*—UNDER TEST: A "Super 60" de luxe electric shaver is being tested for performance. For quiet running, Remington motors are mounted in rubber, and a microphone and amplifier are required to pick up the "beats" of the motor under test. The Thornliebank factory of Remington Rand was opened in the middle of last year to cope with the ever-increasing sales demand. It occupies an area of 136,000 sq. ft., of which 85 per cent. is devoted solely to shaver production.

razor in 1904, after years of trying to find the right steel for the small blade. Once the size and shape had been settled, and processes developed for hardening, tempering and sharpening the steel strip, the safety razor rapidly conquered the chin of the American male.

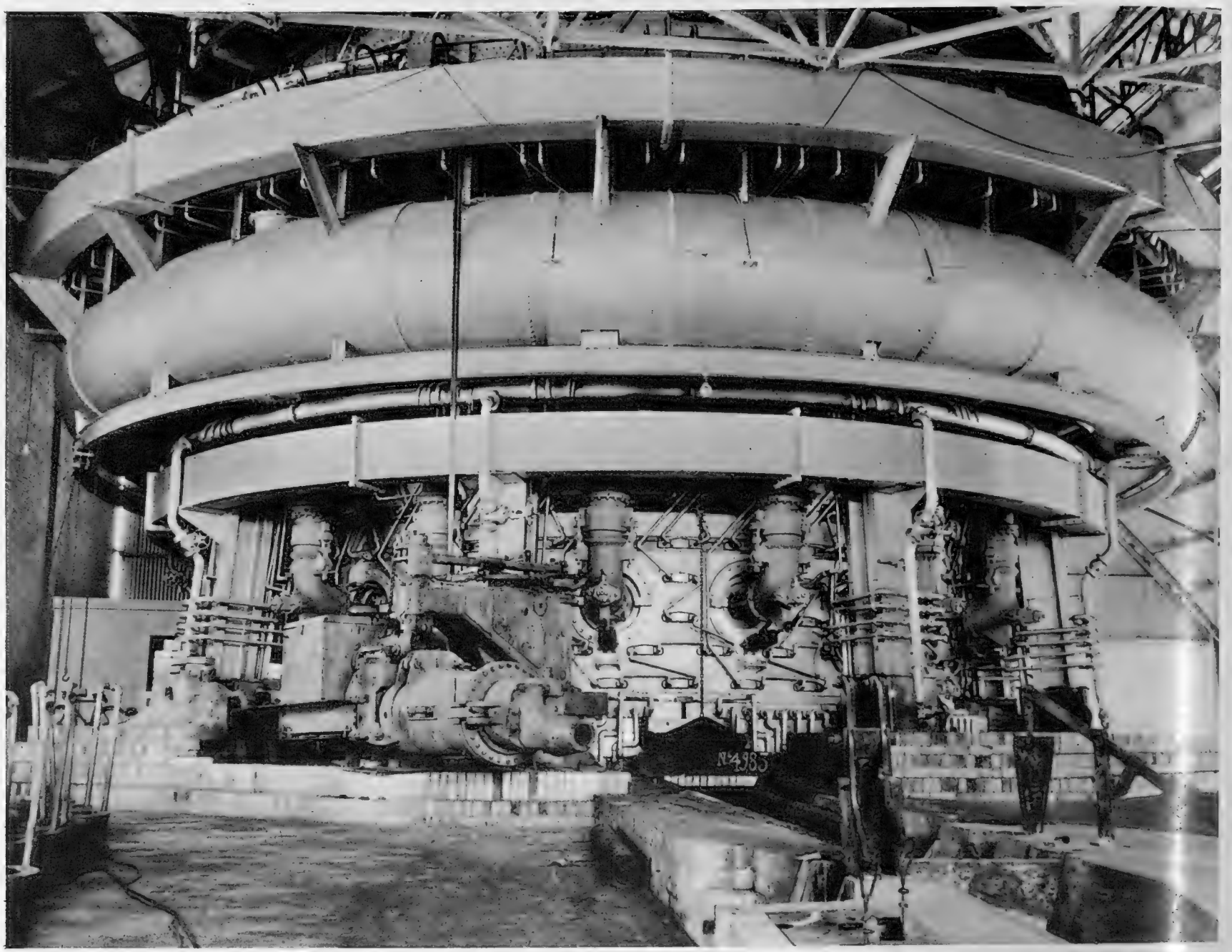
His British cousin was more conservative. But the issue of many millions of the blades to soldiers during the First World War, when they had no alternative to shaving themselves, firmly established the safety razor in this country. It was a far less sanguinary instrument than the older, straight "cut-throat" razor, which required a certain definite skill, so that many men had always preferred to let their barber do the job. The safety razor, between the wars, steadily shifted shaving from the barber-shop into the bathroom. To-day one is none too enthusiastic about asking one's hairdresser for a shave and nothing else.

Clearing the stubble from the British face, then, is to-day mainly a job for quite a prodigious number of it has risen from 63,000 to well over 1,000,000 shavers a year, with perhaps 750,000 being sold at home in 1957 and the rest exported.

Both forms of shaving support substantial businesses. The cut-throat razor, which over centuries had been one of the prides of Sheffield steel and cutlery, has to-day only a tiny market. Production of razor blades—and of the holders they fit—is a highly automatic technique operated by comparatively few firms, with Gillette still by far the greatest name in the business.

Blades are made from special cold-rolled high-carbon steel strip, which in Britain comes almost entirely from one mill at the steelworks of Samuel Fox and Company at Stocksbridge. This is among the most valuable of all carbon steels. But a ton goes a long way: to be precise, it comprises about 20,000 ft. of strip a few thousandths of an inch thick, and provides the raw material, when slit to blade width, for about 800,000 blades. Total output is about 7,000,000 per working day: 3,000,000 for export, 4,000,000 for British beards.

something over £20,000.000 a year on being clean-shaven; some £10,000,000 to £15,000,000 on razors and blades, more than £5,000,000 on electric shavers (which are a form of capital investment, spread over several years), and probably £3,000,000 on shaving soaps, creams and lotions. In this field of soaps and creams, which various enterprising companies have for some years been trying to widen into quite a range of male cosmetics, the old, hard shaving stick accounts for only about a fifth of the total value, but a much larger share of the packets sold. British males are less lavish buyers of talcum powder and after-shave lotions than manufacturers would like. Competition is keen, but one competitor that none of the businessmen seem to fear is the beard. Throughout history there have been succeeding fashions of wearing beards and going without them: but even if beards should become common again, these experts reason, they might require quite as much attention and equipment—and expenditure—as the shaven chin itself.



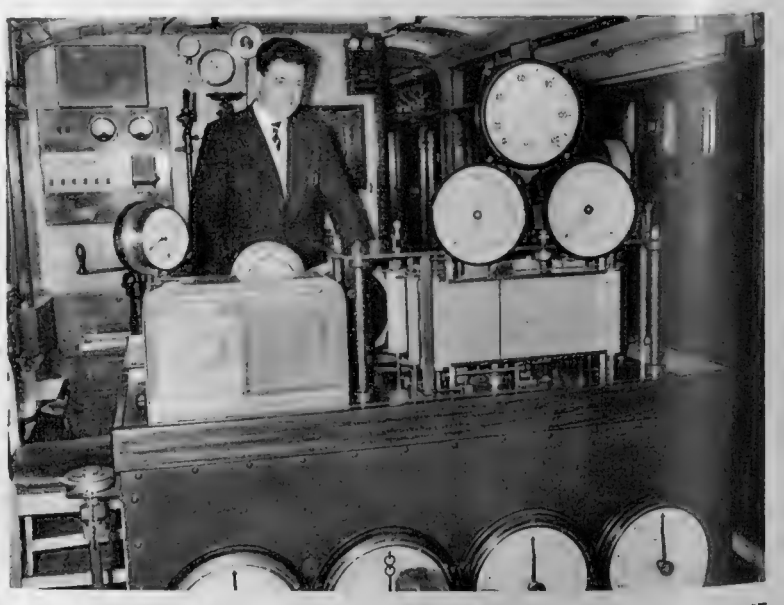
A BRITISH BLAST FURNACE FOR SPAIN

The picture, *above*, shows the hearth area of the blast furnace which has been supplied by Head Wrightson Iron and Steel Engineering Ltd., to Empresa Nacional Siderurgica S.A., and erected at Aviles, in the Asturias, on the Biscay coast of Spain. The "Blow-in" of the new furnace took place last September and the ceremony was attended by General Franco.

A few years ago the English firm received a large share of an order secured by a group of heavy engineering manufacturers for the supply of iron and steel works equipment for the new works at Aviles. Head Wrightson's share of the contract for the equipment amounted to £3,500,000 and they were also to be responsible for £2,000,000-worth of work which would be supplied from Spain. The shipment of all the equipment was to be completed within forty-two months from the date of the contract, and a large staff from Head Wrightson has been in Spain advising on its erection and construction. Members of the firm have also helped to train men to operate the plant.

The plant shown in the picture consists of a complete Ore Handling, Bedding, Sinter, Blast Furnace, and Gas Cleaning Plant, and is designed to produce 1,000 tons of pig iron per day, with a possibility of 1,400 tons under favourable operating conditions. The furnace, of 27 ft. hearth diameter, measures 110 ft. to the top platform, but its highest point is nearer 200 ft. from ground level. It is by far the largest to be installed in Spain and possibly only one or two in England and Europe are bigger.

A NEW CHAPTER IN RAILWAY MODERNISATION: The new locomotive is the forerunner of ninety-six ordered for the Western Region. Altogether the programme involves the replacement of more than 200 steam engines by approximately 130 diesel-hydraulic main line locomotives.



BRITAIN'S FIRST DIESEL-HYDRAULIC LOCOMOTIVE

The first of five 90-m.p.h. diesel-hydraulic locomotives being built by the North British Locomotive Company, of Glasgow, for the Western Region, British Railways, is seen, *on the left*, pulling out of Paddington Station on its inaugural run to Bristol and back—a total of 235 miles. The picture *above* shows the panel of instruments carried during the run to check efficiency. Pulling a nine-coach train, the 2,000-h.p. locomotive at times exceeded its maximum rated speed. Weighing 117 tons 8 cwt., the locomotive is powered by two 12-cylinder-type air-cooled engines. Driving cabs are situated at both ends, thus eliminating the need for turning the engine round on a turntable.

AIR-CONDITIONED FACTORY

At Brentford, in Middlesex, the new factory block addition at the Phoenix works of Messrs. R. B. Pullin and Co. Ltd., is a good example of modern factory design. It is designed to suit the company's highly specialised gyroscopic, electrical and electronic precision instrument production, and is air-conditioned by a system which is probably unique in this country or elsewhere. The whole of the circulation ducts are within a specially-designed reinforced concrete hollow column frame and are not visible either in or outside the building. Another unique feature of design is the ring-main electrical bus bar system whereby 500-kW. copper bus bars are carried up two vertical service ducts—one at each end of the building. These are linked at each floor-level by horizontal bus bars carried within suspended ceilings over central circulating corridors. Each section can be isolated and controlled by main switch gear housed in the vertical ducts. These ducts also carry heating, gas, water, air-lines and high/low voltage supplies, and thus the building is free from pipes.

AN EARLY STAGE IN THE NEW BRENTFORD FACTORY: Formwork, prestressing bars and reinforcement for the floor and thickened strip are seen as they were made ready for concreting. Messrs. Gee, Walker and Slater Ltd. were the contractors.

A NEW BRITISH BRIDGE

The new Clifton Bridge over the Trent at Nottingham will help to relieve traffic congestion in the area as well as providing direct access from the city to a new housing estate at Clifton. Eventually, it will form part of a dual-carriageway trunk road and another bridge will be built alongside. The new bridge, which includes the longest span of pre-stressed concrete in the country, has an overall width of 46 ft. 3 ins. Prestressed concrete was used both for the main bridge and for the viaducts necessary for flood relief on both banks of the river. The bridge itself consists of a single 275-ft. span over the river bed with a 125-ft. span on either side. On the city side the approach road is carried on an embankment which is interrupted over a 120-ft. length by a viaduct of three 40-ft. spans. On the Clifton side the immediate approach is by a three-span viaduct. The work was carried out under the direction of the City Engineer and Surveyor. R. Travers Morgan and Partners were the consulting engineers for the main bridge and Messrs. James Miller and Partners Ltd. were the contractors.

BRIDGEWORKS ON THE PRESTON BY-PASS

In the construction of the new 8¼-mile-long Preston by-pass, in Lancashire, the engineers and builders have had to take into consideration a number of existing roads, footpaths, railways, rivers and streams. As a result, for the laying of the new motorway, twenty-three bridges have to be built, and the cost of bridgeworks is just over a third of the total cost of the motorway. Various types of structure have been chosen for the bridges, with one, three or four spans. The picture on the *left* shows the steel-and-concrete six-span viaduct which will carry the new motorway over the A 675 Preston-Belmont-Bolton road and over the River Darwen at Higher Walton. The viaduct will be 470 ft long and divided into four spans of 97 ft. 6 ins., with two end spans of 40 ft. In its construction the piers and foundations are in reinforced concrete; the deck will be formed of continuous steel plate girders over six spans with a reinforced concrete slab.

On the *right*, the picture shows one of the bridges which have been built to carry an existing road over the motorway. It has four spans and has been designed with continuous steel plate girders and a reinforced concrete slab deck. This is supported on reinforced concrete abutments at each end, but the piers are of tubular type with pedestal bearings. The overall span is 223 ft. 6 ins. For the two major bridge schemes (the Salmesbury and Higher Walton Bridges) the contractors are The Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Co. Ltd., of Darlington, and Dorman Long (Bridge and Engineering) Ltd., of Luton. Tarmac Ltd. are the main contractors for the motorway, with Leonard Fairclough Ltd., of Adlington, as their sub-contractors for bridges.

The World of Books

VARIETIES OF COURAGE

Whaling in Antarctica; Palæontology in the Guatemalan Jungle; An Indomitable Invalid; A First Novel About Australia; Sir Philip Gibbs' Latest Book and Other Fiction

THERE is an element of courage in each of the first three books this week, although it is expressed in very different ways. SOUTH OF CAPE HORN (Robert Hale. 18s.), for instance, is Lieut.-Commander J. Chrisp's book about whaling in the Antarctic a couple of years ago, with an expedition that included a whaling ship and a factory ship. The author is a retired naval officer and had no illusions about the kind of existence that he would have to live aboard such ships, but, as he says, he had never sailed south of the Falkland Islands before, he wanted to see the work, to study the navigation and to make sketches of the whalers and their ways. In fact, he made many close friends, as his narrative shows, and of his three themes—the mechanics of modern whaling, the lonely Antarctic sea and the whalers themselves—it is undoubtedly the last which is the most fascinating from the reader's point of view. An absorbing, unusual and, in many ways, inspiriting book.

BRING 'EM BACK PETRIFIED (Robert Hale. 18s.) is Mrs. Lilian Brown's account of a trip made by herself and her palæontologist husband (for the uninitiated that means a student of extinct organised beings) to the jungles of one of Guatemala's least-known provinces. There, Dr. Barnum Brown expected to find remains of the prehistoric monsters which, during the Ice Age, had migrated through the area. Mrs. Brown's own responsibility was to be housekeeper, lieutenant, ambassadress, doctor, archæologist and, most important to the reader, chronicler. Her book has learned overtones, as is right and proper, but in the main it is an extremely human record of an amazing expedition.

THE YEAR OF MY REBIRTH (Gollancz. 21s.) demonstrates bravery of another kind and determination of a high order. Mr. Jesse Stuart was a poet, novelist, farmer, teacher and indefatigable lecturer when he was struck down, two years ago, with the severest type of heart attack. Miraculously he survived it and eventually returned home from hospital to be ordered complete rest and seclusion. No visitors, no typewriter and only a pen and two sheets of paper a day to record whatever he wanted of his new, strictly circumscribed life. This book of reminiscence and of an invalid's experience is the result : the indomitable story of a man sequestered in his Kentucky home but roaming in the mind as far outside it as he chooses.

A first novel is the work of a fairly young Englishman who, after war service in Burma, Malaya and India with the Fourteenth Army, worked as an actor and then decided to try Australia as a source of living. Once there, Mr. J. R. Spicer worked as a jackaroo on sheep and cattle stations in New South Wales and Queensland. CRY OF THE STORM-BIRD (Heinemann. 16s.), while not autobiographical, does reflect the writer's knowledge of that extraordinary land which is almost impossible to understand at long range.

The story here is of a young Englishman—a Pommy by definition—and a young Australian who start out as partners in an immense fencing job on a cattle station in the outback. One has the experience, the other simply a will to succeed and their collaboration is eventually successful, though not wholly in a business sense. This is a close-range picture of Australia and all the better for the freshness of its impressions and the brightly observant eye of the writer.

THE BANKRUPTS (Secker and Warburg. 16s.) has a plot which is basically old-fashioned, even traditional, but Mr. Brian Glanville has given it a fresh treatment and approached the perennial problem of one generation's revolt against another from an unusual angle. The family concerned is a wealthy, middle-class Jewish one living somewhere in the north-west of London in comfortable circumstances. The father and mother have brought their son and daughter up conscientiously and conventionally according to their own standards. It is unexpected when the girl, at twenty years old, protests energetically against their materialistic values and tries to break through to independence.

The writer's sympathies are with the young in this fundamental collision of wills, but a fault with the novel is that he has loaded the dice rather unfairly and made of the parents little more than caricatures : the father "a little, black mine, liable at any moment to explode," and the mother a whining or ranting echo of his opinions. It is readable, though, and the problem is no less valid and no less important for being simplified in this way.

Sir Philip Gibbs, whose literary and journalistic output must by now have reached astronomical proportions, has a new novel, THE CURTAINS OF YESTERDAY (Hutchinson. 15s.). This is set in England in the years between the World Wars and opens with the signing of the Armistice in 1918. From that point, after a brief recapitulation of some of the worst of the fighting months, the scene changes to the adjustment that each one of a group of young men must make from war to peace conditions and their typically varied ways of meeting the challenge.

From the past to some kind of a future, as forecast in Miss Doreen Wallace's novel, FORTY YEARS ON

SINGING AT DRURY LANE: Renata Scotto, the young Italian opera singer who last year took over the leading role in *La Sonnambula* from Maria Meneghini-Callas, when it was performed by Milan La Piccola Scala at the Edinburgh Festival, is seen on arrival at London Airport. She had come to London to sing the same role in Bellini's opera during the current season of Italian opera at Drury Lane. A few weeks before appearing at last year's Edinburgh Festival, Renata Scotto had been singing in the summer season of Italian opera at the Stoll Theatre. The current season of Italian opera at the Theatre Royal, which is continuing until March 22, is the first to be seen on the stage there since the Beecham season in 1919.

(Collins. 13s. 6d.), which has little beyond its title to link it with Harrow. Miss Wallace writes imaginatively about England after the cataclysm of thermo-nuclear war and sees it in a way that must be natural to the writer of pastoral though non-idyllic novels. Atomic bombing is long in the past as the story opens and as a middle-aged man, who had been the young son of a rich farmer when disaster struck, is setting down the story of the past years from the journals he has kept with infinite difficulty on such paper as survived.

He records the immediate results, the destr all communications, the deaths, the lack of describes the decades spent in an East Angli munity, trying to organise against the forces o of lawlessness and of utter isolation. The author that, even given such a reign of horror, the hum would be equal to it and that common sense, and a living Christian faith would be the an chaos.

LADIES' DAY (Macdonald. 16s.) is a g American novel about New England in the 18 1890's ; about the beginning of women's emar there and about one particular woman's struggle to terms with her own lively, pioneering nature. M Powers Smith writes with a good deal of ebullie I am not sure that the book could not have ben the use of judicious cuts, but in that I may be sw against the tide of fashion in such things, where has an importance of its own. However that there is real vitality in this story of property ow politicians, and Mr. Smith is to be congratul writing a story of that period in something like V terms and without an ounce of patronage.

Thirty years before the kind of life that Mr describes was occupying the folk of upper Ne State, there were in Africa perpetual conflicts betw colonising Boers and the Kaffirs whom they at to tame with a gun in one hand and a Bible in th THE MASK (Collins. 15s.) is Mr. Stuart Cloet novel of those days in the 1850's and is concern the same van der Berg family who first appeared books ago, in *Turning Wheels*. Mr. Cloete writ the authority of a man with many years' experi the country and as a man of Dutch descent ancestors first went to Africa in 1652. That, of does not automatically make him a good writer, has a considerable narrative gift and belongs fairly small category of writers whose books dem be read at a sitting, or as near to it as one can m The African background is magnificently conveyed.

Miss Martha Gellhorn has been a newspaper and is a novelist. Now she has shown her han writer of short stories with TWO BY TWO (Lon 16s.). She has composed four stories with the theme of marriage and written them, as it were, texts of For Better, For Worse, For Richer, For P In Sickness and In Health, Till Death Us Do Part. story, too, is a double biography with the man's pr or the woman's side of the question expounded equal clarity. An original piece of work, diamond but not without sympathy for human foibles, partic as they relate to matrimony.

NO TIME AT ALL (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) adventure book with an original idea. In the exact of the word it is a thriller and the new dodge, or gim is that Mr. Charles Einstein makes his focal pers excitement a passenger aircraft on its way from Fl to New York, but that he nevertheless keeps all the a grounded. The plane disappears from radar scr there is no wireless communication and nobody can w out what has happened to it until, after twenty-f hours of Press and public panic, it turns up over a York airport. Till this moment its story has been through the hopes and fears of the relations and fr of the passengers and the tension has been so skil handled that the reader feels as much on edge as the in the control towers.

Vernon Fra

EXPLORERS ALL

Adventures in Remote Regions

The twentieth century has proved a golden age of exploration, despite all that has gone before: Sir John Hunt and his team finding their way to the roof of the world on the eve of the Queen's Coronation; Vivian Fuchs bestriding the Antarctic continent in company with Sir Edmund Hillary, one of the actual conquerors of Everest; Ella Maillart engaging in a Tibetan jaunt which would have done credit to Marco Polo; and Eric Shipton, of Outward Bound fame, breaking fresh ground in the Himalaya. Some of the vivid personal experiences of those who have actually taken part in these modern adventures which have so seized popular imagination are brought together by Odette Tchernine in a remarkable symposium entitled EXPLORERS' AND TRAVELLERS' TALES (Jarrolds. 21s.). Interestingly enough, Sir John Hunt's own contribution, "Memories of a Mountain Land," has its setting in Sikkim and is not in the vein of high and dangerous adventure. If in later years the high places of the Himalaya were to bring him enduring fame, it was the long treks through the smiling, enchanted land of Sikkim in the days of his early manhood which were to give him lasting pleasure, a pleasure that he conveys in full measure to his readers.

To see in print the name of Leland Stowe is to bring an instant reminder of that slim volume he wrote and entitled *Nazi Germany Means War*. But this Pulitzer prizeman has a great deal more important writing to his credit than that prophecy inspired by his own experiences as a foreign correspondent in Europe. His latest book is CRUSOE OF LONESOME LAKE (Gollancz. 16s.). This is the true story of Ralph Edwards, who in 1912, at the age of twenty-one, beheld the magnificent Atnarko Valley far to the n of Vancouver in the wilds of British Columbia. Edwards, satisfying his twin demand to live in mountains and work his own land, staked his cla Lonesome Lake, built his home, planted the rich found a wife, went to war in Europe, reared a and found contentment is a story that inevitably the widest appeal. The Crusoe theme has a pers fascination, and Mr. Stowe, as one would e handles it with consummate skill.

German post-war literary themes are gruelling their monotony, and in book after book we either to glory in German arms undimmed even in the sh of defeat, or wallow in Russian wickedness and wanton cruelties inflicted upon Germans who were away in the camps of Siberia. In the latter categ Karl Nork's HELL IN SIBERIA (Robert Hale. This is the story of a young German who went school to war and from war to work for 8½ yea Soviet prisons, mines and labour camps, suffering exposure, malnutrition and the cat-and-mouse torme the M.V.D. If people still want to read this sort of there is no doubt that Karl Nork writes most mov

SUN, SAND AND SAFARI (Robert Hale. is J. B. Carson's account of experiences during h

HOME OF LOST CAUSES

would be no surprise to me to learn that Palmerston's ghost walks the corridors of the Foreign Office ilding with his head in his hands. Pam it was who tatorially directed Gilbert Scott's third effort which oduced an Italian palazzo as a unit in the Whitehall reaucratic block. It was Pam who, before the days typists, insisted that all his clerks should imitate his autiful handwriting, and it was Pam who dictatorially ve to British diplomacy its magnificent *réclame* which rvived until the First World War. We assumed that the nguage of diplomacy had magic in it. We learned at last t the sanction of force behind the words did the trick. hen gunboat diplomacy died, the Chancelleries of Europe ased to *parler européen* and began to cheat or talk slang.

I have read lately no book more tragic than THE FFICE,' by John Connell (Allan Wingate. 25s.). It is idly written, exhaustively documented, penetratingly formative, a masterly summing up which results in a n-proven verdict. For all its faults and failures, our reign Office is probably the best there is. But a tragic st. Perhaps Mr. Connell relies too much on half a dozen t of his long list of authorities. Definitive authorities are ort-lived and few. His illustrations tell without words e tragic story of Diplomacy's decline: Curzon, Hardinge, sten Chamberlain, Simon, Eden, Hoare, Vansittart, owe, Henderson, Halifax, Lothian, Bevin. Each and all, inisters, Ambassadors, permanent officials, had their tter disappointments or failures. Full of high hope, they ouldered cold and low. But the 'Office' lives on; teeming, sprawling, far-flung, faint but pursuing the ends of ace, regretting its better days when diplomacy was a ntlemanly career, it still supplies clerical staffs to serve e panic aims and jumps-in-the-dark ordained by Cabinets.

IN SEARCH OF A TITLE

To my regret it was never my luck as an undergraduate to listen to lectures as amusing and udite as those which Mr. F. L. Lucas, of King's College, mbridge, has revised and published under the title of HE SEARCH FOR GOOD SENSE (Cassell. 25s.). is argument, with which I agree, that a 100-page ography, strictly relevant, may paint and impress a uer portrait of its subject than a three-decker or *D.N.B.* notice, defines the limits of his four lectures on ghteenth-century literary characters—Johnson, Chesterld, Boswell and Goldsmith. But the title he chose for e book makes the inclusion of Boswell and Goldsmith pretty "long shot." Each was a *locus classicus* for tility and folly, alike in his private life and conversation, d Boswell's *Life of Johnson*—a mighty three-decker—the first among exceptions which prove the case for 100-page biography. Mr. Lucas's title is well enough r Johnson, and there is much we could learn from esterfield—pompous and inhuman as he was—to correct e tastelessness and vulgarity of modern social life.

But these four portraits are delightful. If never for moment are we allowed to forget the polyglot erudition the lecturer, the style is exquisite, the humour pointed d twentieth-century good sense triumphs in the questionable authority which the living possess when ey appraise the dead. The Age of Reason was "not dull as to exclude the passions." It was not so asonable as to reject the crassest of human follies. e search for good sense and good seed from the ghteenth century entails a weary gleaning among the res. The style is the man; though seldom the whole an, it is the man that an author wishes to survive rough his own publications, and Mr. Lucas has given a book to re-read and constantly refer to.

John Gore

ars as a District Officer in Kenya. The title sounds a fle conventional, as also is the sub-title, "Some Leaves om a Kenya Notebook," but Mr. Carson is a vigorous iter, obviously a man with a balanced viewpoint, and has something for everyone in these pages.

Bernard Newman's UNKNOWN GERMANY erbert Jenkins. 21s.) is an excellent combination of vel guide and descriptive *aide memoire*. Those who ntemplate a visit to Germany, and contemplate also ing off the beaten track from time to time, will do ll to study Mr. Newman's book. The author's comnts on Frankfurt will surely lead many a traveller the newly-built precinct around the cathedral where helps us to discover the modestly-priced restaurants th the authentic German atmosphere. Some well-oduced illustrations add to the attractions of this book.

Do not confuse Wilhelm Treue's DOCTOR AT URT (Weidenfeld and Nicolson) with any works aring somewhat comparable titles, but it should lose appeal for all that. *Doctor at Court* is, in fact, a est of the medical plights of famous, illustrious or torious persons from James I of England to Himmler, Nazi police chief. Himmler's doctor was a Finn, an mirable man who took his fees in kind, receiving in urn for medical services rendered the reprieve of tain Jews from the gas chamber. Surely this is one the strangest of all stories emerging from World ar II? Reading this book one cannot help being ounded at the resilience of the human frame. When e considers some of the potions given to Royal patients ir continued survival seems to have been a near racle.

R. C. E.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE TRUTH: Dr. Frederick Baston (Walter Hudd) is unaware that his strange actions are being watched by Anne Callifer. The play, staged in New York last year, is directed by Michael MacOwan.

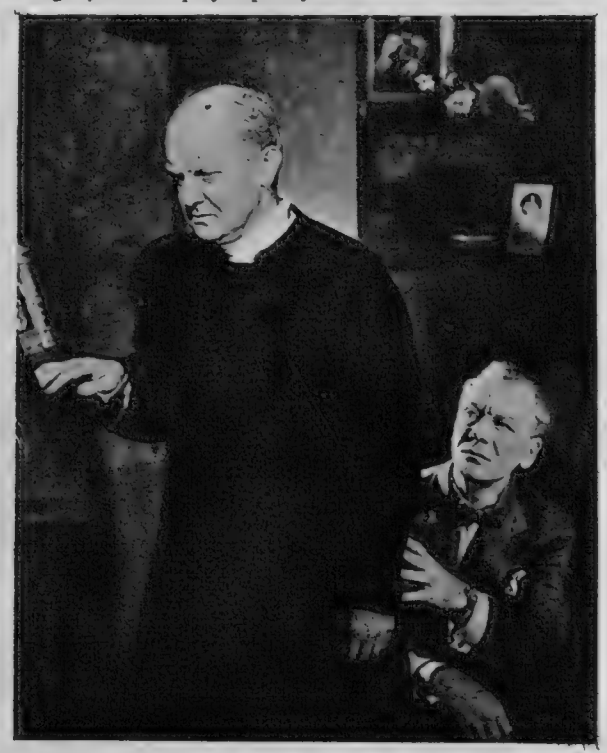
WHAT HAPPENED IN THE POTTING SHED THIRTY YEARS AGO? James Callifer (John Gielgud), the neurotic journalist, questions Mrs. Potter (Dorothy Dewhurst) in this scene from *The Potting Shed*, at the Globe Theatre. In the foreground is his mother (Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies) and on the sofa his niece (Sarah Long).

THE POTTING SHED: A MORALITY PLAY

Mr. Graham Greene is almost always controversial and invariably stimulating. Abundant evidence of this is to be found in his new play, *The Potting Shed*, at the Globe Theatre, in London. The theme is the problem of Faith with, as in all Mr. Greene's work, an undertone of the doctrine of Compassion. James Callifer, a neurotic, middle-aged journalist in poor mental health, is forbidden by others of his family to join them at the deathbed of his father, an eminent, old-fashioned type of Rationalist. What is the reason for this and why does James feel he has done something unforgivable in the eyes of his family?

The answer, discovered fortuitously, is that Uncle William Callifer, a priest, tried to convert James as a boy to Catholicism and the boy hanged himself in the potting shed. He was brought back to life by the priest's prayer "take my faith but let the boy live." Thus the uncle has become a drunken, seedy old man. As result of his discovery in a climax of great dramatic strength, James recovers his sanity and the priest his faith. But the question is still posed: Is it faith? Or, in the words of the psychiatrist, can Illusion help to cure? A splendid cast, headed by Sir John Gielgud, acts the play superbly.

AN UNSATISFACTORY ANSWER: Dr. Kreuzer (Peter Illing) advises the neurotic Callifer to relax and forget all about the potting shed. But Callifer is determined to find out what it is that he did as a small child which is unforgivable by members of his family years later.



A CONVERSATION WHICH RESTORES ONE MAN TO HIS SANITY AND BOTH TO THEIR GOD: "Tell me what you remember," pleads Callifer. "The shed and you lying there and Potter struggling with your arms," replies Father William Callifer (Redmond Phillips), the drunken priest.

ABANDONED CARS IN MARYLAND: Covered in snow, they have been left on a road near the racecourse at Bowie. This was one of the places which was heavily hit by the recent blizzard which swept the Eastern States of the U.S.A. Throughout a wide area the number of deaths due to the extreme cold was reported to have been at least 150.

THE FORCE OF THE BLIZZARD: Two lines of vehicles are he up on the Shirley Highway, in North Virginia. On extre right a car moves on the only traffic lane remaining ope

A fortnight ago, while the south of England basked premature spring weather, a considerable part of t United States was suffering from unusually rigorous win conditions. As these pictures show, some of the easte States presented an Arctic aspect. In many places scho were closed and offices and factories were working w reduced staffs. In Washington, Government life was almo at a standstill and over a wide area vehicles stood ab doned on roads deep in snow or impassable through i The toll of deaths from causes which could be associat with the blizzards was extremely high—at least 150.

THE ARCTIC COMES TO THE U.S.A.

Some of the Worst Snow Storms on Record Paralyse the Eastern States

A VOYAGE THROUGH THE ICE ON LAKE MICHIGAN: A tug belonging to the Department of Public Works of Chicago ties up at a quay in Lake Michigan with much-needed supplies for the members of a Chicago water supply station. They had been isolated for several days before the tug was able to break through the frozen waters of the lake and reach them.

RIDDING NEW YORK OF ITS SNOW: Lorries from t the Hudson River. This was regarded as the which had been piled up all over New York

PENING UP THE CAPITOL: Snow is cleared from the steps leading to the seat of the U.S. Government. Washington had suffered its worst snow for twenty-two years.

BROADWAY IN A WINTER FASHION: A section of the famous street of New York lies almost entirely under snow. In the background at the fork, Broadway runs on to the left. On the right is Seventh Avenue. In the left foreground is the Paramount Building. Continuing on the left side is the massive structure of the Sheraton-Astor Hotel.

itation Department of the city tip their loads of snow into cient way of disposing of the thousands of dumps of snow ult of clearing the streets after its days of the blizzard.

A POLAR WELCOME TO NEW YORK: The liner *United States*, with her sides covered in ice, lies at her berth at pier 86 in New York harbour. The cars in the snow on the quay add to the appearance of a scene which is more like the Arctic than the east of America. Ice in the water had delayed the liner's docking for half an hour.

THE MIDDLE EAST—RIVALRY AND UNITY

The Dispute Between Egypt and Sudan; Two Mergers of Arab States

AN ABORTIVE CONFERENCE IN CAIRO: Colonel Nasser and Sayed Mohamed Mahgoub, the Sudanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, are smiling in Cairo, but their talks on the frontier dispute between Egypt and the Sudan had been inconclusive.

THE CAUSE OF A FRONTIER INCIDENT: Egyptian river craft are moored at Wadi Halfa. They had been detained with their crews by the Sudanese frontier authorities. This was one of the incidents which led to the border crisis between Egypt and Sudan last week. Although Colonel Nasser was understood to have agreed to withdraw his claim temporarily, there were reports this week of further Egyptian infringements of Sudanese territory.

On right—

VOTES FOR NASSER: A queue waits outside a polling booth at Giza, on the Nile, to vote in the plebiscite for the United Arab Republic with Colonel Nasser as its first President.

ONE OF THE 99.9 PER CENT.: President Kuwatly of Syria casts his vote for Nasser and the United Arab Republic in Damascus on the ballot card which has a picture of Nasser on it for the benefit of the illiterate. The voters in both Syria and Egypt polled 99.9 per cent. for the Republic and its first President.

Events have lately been moving with more than usual swiftness in the Middle East. First Egypt and Syria announced their merger into one state. To no one's surprise Colonel Nasser was elected first President of the United Arab Republic by plebiscite in the two states which were as near to 100 per cent. in favour as made no difference. Almost concurrently, Iraq and Jordan announced their union in a Federation. Then Nasser, as though determined to show his strength in his new office, provoked a serious crisis regarding the Sudanese frontier question. Although he has shown signs of being ready to temporise, there was little easing in the basic tension at the beginning of this week. Also it remained to be seen whether these new Arab alignments were to be regarded as signs of unity or rivalry and what were to be the attitudes of the other Arab states, especially Saudi Arabia, towards them. Most important of all, perhaps, was their effect on Arab intentions towards Israel.

On left—

THE IRAQ-JORDAN FEDERATION: Crowds demonstrate with enthusiasm in Amman, Jordan's capital, after the announcement of the Federal Union of the two Hashemite Kingdoms of Iraq and Jordan.

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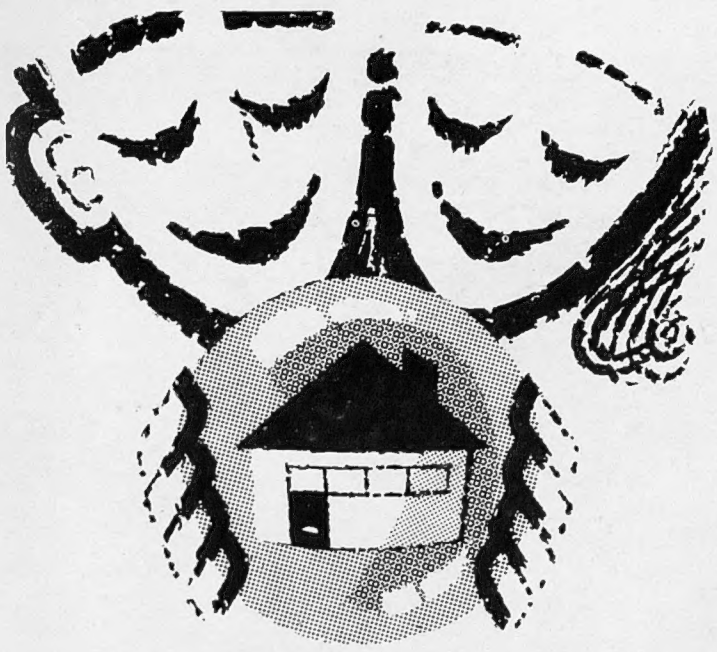

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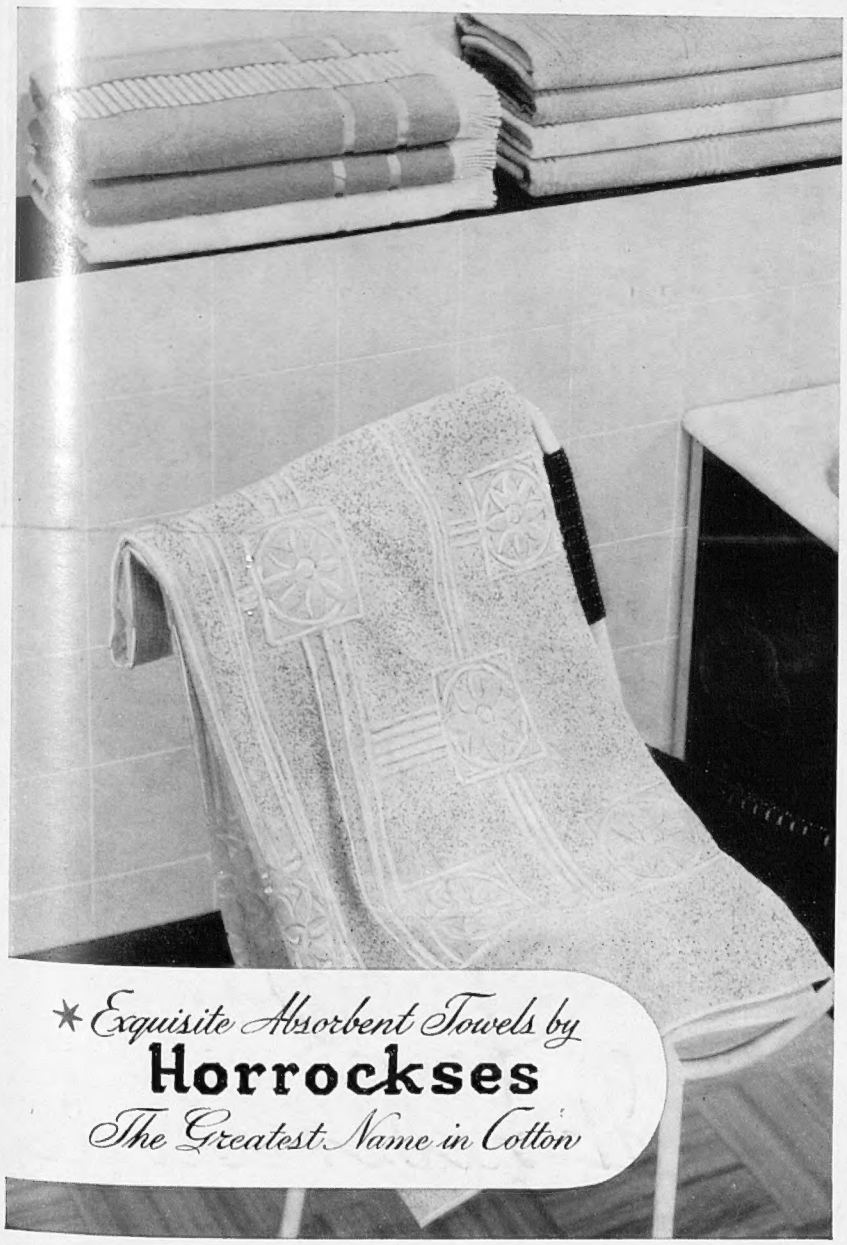

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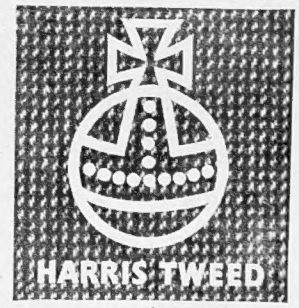

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